# THE BOOKMAN

*A Magazine of Literature and Life*

AUGUST, 1909

## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

**Mr. Allen's New Book**

Somewhat reluctantly we are calling attention to Mr. James Lane Allen's *The Bride of the Mistletoe* as a book to be avoided or at least to be recommended with great caution. From the purely literary point of view it is a book of much beauty and a work written with great sincerity, dignity and high purpose. The mature man or woman may, of course, read it with enjoyment and profit. But it is not—and this is a point that cannot be too strongly emphasised—a book for the *jeune fille*.

**Edward Everett Hale**

In many ways the late Edward Everett Hale was for years a very dignified and impressive figure in the public life of his country. Judged exclusively as a man of letters, his permanent fame rests entirely on one book, *The Man Without a Country*. The story of Philip Nolan, who, on trial for treason, expressed the wish that he might never hear the name of the United States again, and was solemnly sentenced by the Military Court to have his wish fulfilled, is thrilling and pathetic enough now. Judge what it must have been when it first appeared when the country was torn by the War of Secession. Whatever sting there may have been in *The Man Without a Country*, it has long since passed away. Even to realise it one would have to concentrate one's mind with great bitterness on the feelings which moved the North at the most intense period of the Civil War, and to resurrect and to take to one's self all the surging hatred and blind passion. *The Man Without a Country* long ago ceased to be a sectional polemic; it is no longer even an appeal to patriotism. It remains a great story.

G. K. CHESTERTON AS DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

From the London *Sketch*

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SELMA LAGERLÖF'S SWEDISH HOME

**The Confederate "Mother Goose"**

In Thomas Cooper De Leon's *Belles, Beaux, and Brains of the Sixties* there is a curious account of the Confederate "Mother Goose." This was a string of satires directed against some of the generals of the Northern armies. The first verse of "Mother Goose" was aimed at General Pope, who was in the habit of dating despatches from "Headquarters in the Saddle." It ran:

Little Be-Pope, he lost his hope,
Jackson, the Rebel, to find him;
But he found him at last, and he ran very fast,
With his bully invaders behind him!

The second took its theme from General McClellan, who of all the Northern commanders was the most respected as a tactician and a man by his Southern opponents:

Little McClellan sat eating a mellon,
The Chickahominy by.
He stuck in a spade; and a long time delayed,
Then cried: "What a great general am I!"

Next it was the turn of the richly hated General Butler:

Hey! diddle Sutler, the dastard Ben Butler,
Fought women, morn, evening, and noon;
And old Satan laughed, as hot brimstone he quaffed
When the Beast ran away with the Spoon!

The next recalled the murder of Barton Key by General Sickles in Washington some years before:

Yankee Sickles came to fight, and Dan was just a Dandy;
Quite quick to shoot when 'tother man had nary pistol handy!

This was directed against the "Cæsar of the Peninsular," as McClellan was called:

Henceforth, when a fellow is kicked out of doors,
He need never resent the disgrace,
But exclaim: "My dear sir, I'm eternally yours,
For assisting in changing my base!"

"Fighting Joe" Hooker was respected in the South, but he too was hit:

Joe Hooker had a nice tin sword;
Jack bent it up one day.
When Halleck heard, at Washington,
He wrote: "Come home and stay!"

Others on Pope and Butler ran thus:

Trickery, dickery, slickery Ben—
Eluding and dodging the fighting men—
Was never afraid of a matron or maid,
But cent for no cotton, or silver, he paid!

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And, finally:

John Pope came down to Dixie town, and thought it very wise
To sit down in a 'skeeter swamp and start at telling lies.
But when he found his lies were out, with all his might and main,
He changed his base to another place, and began to—lie again!

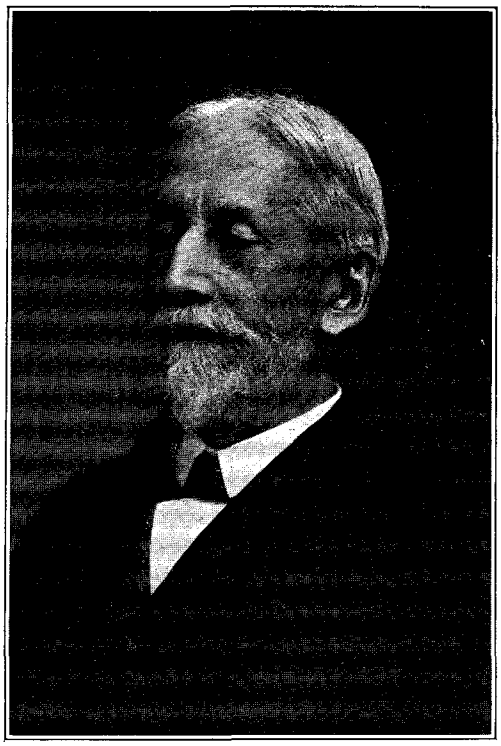
❧

**A New Scare**

Poor agitated England is having more troubles. It was bad enough with old age pensions, and Suffragettes, and mysterious German airships, and the horrors of threatened invasion as depicted in *An Englishman's Home*. It is no less a person than Mr. Hall Caine who is responsible for the latest scare. Mr. Caine's latest novel deals with the British occupation of Egypt. A dramatic version of the story had been prepared and was to have been presented by Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

LAURENCE HOPE

Of Laurence Hope, Mr. Hooker said in his review of *The Garden of Kama*, in the June BOOKMAN: "She holds the gorgeous East in fee"



THOMAS COOPER DE LEON

But the authorities scented danger—the play might lead to sedition in the Soudan—and the Dramatic Censor stepped in and barred the performance. It is said that the upset of his plans so affected Mr. Caine that he has been obliged to go to St. Moritz to recuperate.

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**The Real O. Henry**

At last we are able to present a portrait of O. Henry that does something like justice to the subject. On three or four occasions in the past there have appeared in the BOOKMAN portraits purporting to be of him, and for which he undoubtedly faced the photographer's fire. But there was a certain formal, *endimanché* atmosphere about them, and O. Henry *endimanché* is not O. Henry at all. Here, however, is a portrait that nearly satisfies the imagination. One can study it and fancy him eating of the lotus in company with Johnny Atwood and "Beelzebub" Blythe; or listening to the strange yarns of Mr. Jefferson Peters,

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MR. SCHEHERAZADÉ OF BAGDAD-UPON-THE-HUDSON

the "Gentle Grafter;" or gleefully rolling under his own tongue some new and gorgeous malapropism. In other words we present a portrait, not of Mr. Sidney Porter, but of O. Henry, the modern Scheherazadé of Bagdad-upon-the-Hudson.

**Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf**

Ex-President Eliot has given to the press a good part of the book-list which is to constitute his "five-foot shelf" library. We are glad to see that practically every one who has commented on it has recognised how utterly grotesque it is. No one apparently has fallen down in admiration and amazement at the acumen of Eliot. Indeed, we should say that such a list as this goes far to justify the retirement of Dr. Eliot from the presidency of Harvard University. If he really thinks that the perusal of these books would give any man "the essentials of a liberal education," then his judgment and discretion must have become altogether too *bizarre* to be trusted in anything. Of course, an intensely individualistic New Englander would naturally make a somewhat peculiar selection of volumes; but no one would expect him to put forth such an absolutely freakish and unrelated hodge-podge as this. Fancy inserting the *Journal of John Woolman* and a tractate by William Penn, neither one of which contains any of the humanistic qualities of a liberal education! Fancy inserting nine dramas by various persons, and omitting Shakespeare altogether! Fancy culling out Tennyson's little read and hardly readable *Becket,* and failing to include any of the same writer's splendid lyrics! Not a single one of the world's great historians is included, and in the matter of biography we have only Plutarch's *Lives*, St. Augustine, Donne, Herbert and Franklin. The sole work of fiction is the *Arabian Nights;* but the complete poems of Milton are included. We should really like to ask whether Dr. Eliot has himself ever read the complete poems of Milton. Unless he makes a declaration to that effect over his own signature, we shall be very much inclined to doubt it. The *Times* of this city has made some admirable comments on the list. We think it worth while to quote from it this paragraph as a bit of good sense and excellent criticism.

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With all our charity, we cannot deny that the list, as presented, seems to us most mysteriously made up. That merely means, probably, that it does not contain the books we expected to find in it and does contain many in which we can find no competency to serve the desired end —or any other end, for that matter, except that of amusing the idle hours of a man interested in the curiosities of literature and the monuments of literary progress. Certainly the majority of these books are dead and have no relation, not historic, with modern conditions, necessities, or purposes. Any liberally educated man will have read some, perhaps most, of them, but his intellectual debt to none of them is large enough to be measured.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

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S. ADOLPHUS KNOPF, M.D.

Author of *Tuberculosis a Preventable and Curable Disease*

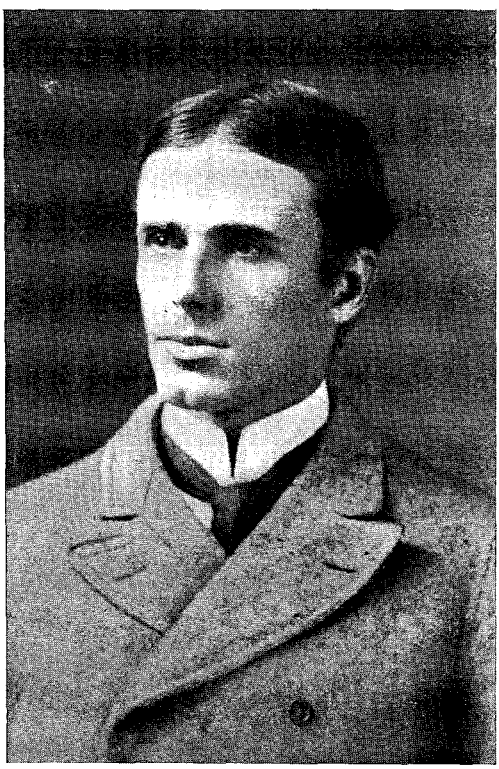
This whole business of choosing a special set of books to embody the essentials of liberal culture is of necessity not likely to result in any one list that will be largely and widely accepted, unless it should be a list of as many as a thousand books. But it is worth remembering that of all the book-lists ever made, Dr. Eliot's is positively the worst, the most absurd and the most devoid of critical insight. Perhaps we ought to recall the fact that Dr. Eliot never was a man of letters. Just before he became president of Harvard, he was a fairly good professor of chemistry; and perhaps his chemical bent has led him on to see how extraordinary a combination of unrelated ingredients he could force into his literary melting-pot. But it is certain that the man who should rely on this "five-foot shelf of books" and should read them faithfully to the exclusion of others, would end by becoming, not a person of liberal culture, but only a very narrow-minded sort of intellectual zebra.

**The Spoiled Child**

We passed a not unprofitable evening recently rereading after many years Oliver Goldsmith's *The Vicar of Wakefield*. We laid the book aside with the conviction that Mr. Henry James never reached to higher points in criticism than when he characterised *The Vicar of Wakefield* as "the spoiled child of our literature."

**Eugénie Grandet's Home**

We came across the other day a picture of what is said to have been the home of Eugénie Grandet, the finest of all the heroines of Balzac's wonderful Comédie Humaine. It is the Château de Velors, at Avoine Beaumont, near Tours. The château at one time belonged to Charles the Seventh, who used it as a



HUTCHINS HAPGOOD

Mr. Hapgood's *An Anarchist Woman* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

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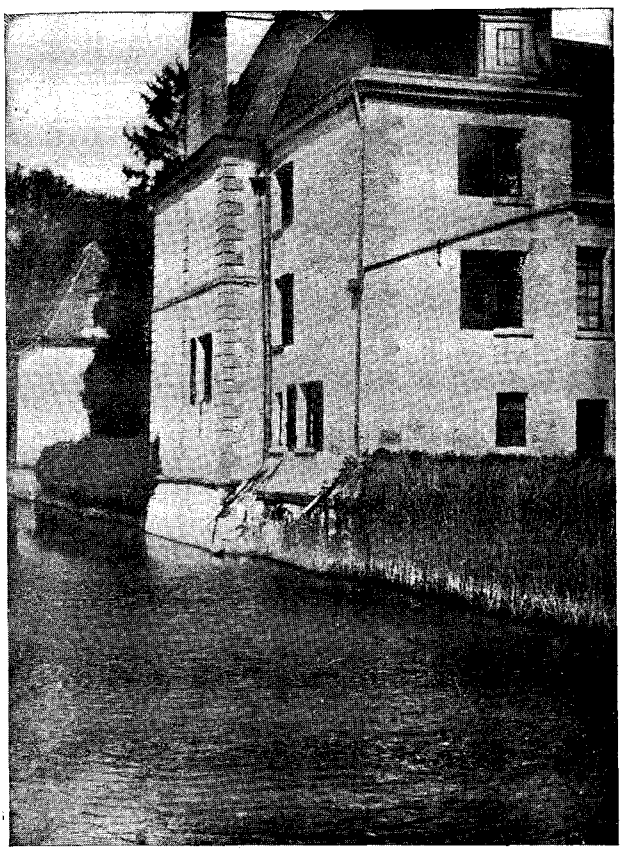
hunting lodge. By fraud it eventually came into the possession of Père Nivelau, so that it became the home of his daughter Eugénie. At that time Balzac lived in Tours, and there was a story to the effect that he was in love with the daughter, but was refused by old Nivelau on account of his poverty. According to a later owner of the chateau, the Marquise de Podestad, the novel follows the facts very closely except that Eugénie's marriage was actually more unhappy than Balzac painted it, and lasted years instead of a few months. There were several children, but Eugénie outlived them all and died only about twenty-seven years ago.



THE CHÂTEAU DE VELORS. THE HOME OF BALZAC'S EUGÉNIE GRANDET

Meanwhile certain architectural changes that are being carried out in that part of Paris which lies to the south of the Pantheon will materially change the aspect of the streets described by Balzac in the beginning of *Le Père Goriot*. As to the actual situation of the Pension Vauquer, which Mr. Henry James has described as "one of the most portentous settings of the scene in all the literature of fiction," there has always been some dispute. Benjamin Ellis Martin, in his *Stones of Paris,* identified it with Number 24 Rue Tournefort. Another Balzacian, who passed many days wandering about in the trail of Eugene de Rastignac and "Trompe-le-mort," maintains that the actual Pension Vauquer is shown in

**The Pension Vauquer**

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THE SUPPOSED MAISON VAUQUER FROM THE STREET

the accompanying illustration. Balzac speaks of the house as standing at the lower end of the road just where it slopes sharply down to the Rue de l'Arbalète. For years nothing was radically changed except that the road became known as the Rue Lhomond. Balzac dwells at length on the strange characteristics of this quarter south of the Pantheon. In the Rue Mouffetard, one of the dirtiest of Paris streets, and within a stone's throw of the Pension Vauquer, Victor Hugo lived as a young man, as did also Ernest and Alphonse Daudet at the time of their early struggles and privations.

**A New Philosophy**

We have been looking over a recent issue of *Poesia,* a new international review published in Milan and edited by M. Marinetti, a Franco-Italian poet. That it seems to be printing some exceedingly good poetry is a matter of second importance. Its chief claim to attention lies in the fact that it aims to found a new school of philosophy and literature which it calls "Futurism." We cannot sum up "Futurism" in any better way than by saying that it would be just the thing for Mr. Roosevelt. It would suit him "down to the ground." There is no subtle nonsense about "Futurism." M. Marinetti knows what he wants and is not diffident about speaking of it. Here is his declaration of "Futurism" in his English translation, which we quote just as it appears on pages one and two of *Poesia:*

1. We intend to glorify the love of danger, the custom of energy, the strenght of daring.

2. The essential elements of our poetry will be courage, audacity and revolt.

3. Literature having up to now glorified thoughtful immobility, extasy and slumber, we wish to exalt the agressive movement, the feverish insomnia, running, the perilous leap, the cuff and the blow.

4. We declare that the splendour of the world has been enriched with a new form of beauty, the beauty of speed. A race-automobile adorned whith great pipes like serpents with explosive breath . . . a race-automobile which seems to rush over exploding powder is more beautiful than the *Victory of Samothrace.*

5. We will sing the praises of man holding the fly-wheel of which the ideal steering-post traverses the earth impelled itself around the circuit of its own orbit.

6. The poet must spend himself with warmth brilliancy and prodigality to augment the fervour of the primordial elements.

7. There is no more beauty except in struggle. No master-piece without the stamp of agressiveness. Poetry should be a violent assault against unknown forces to summon them to lie down at the feet of man.

8. We are on the extreme promontory of ages! Why look back since we must break down the mysterious doors of Impossibility? Time and Space died yesterday. We already live in the Absolute for we have already created the omnipresent eternal speed.

9. We will glorify war—the only true hy-

THE COURTYARD OF THE SUPPOSED MAISON VAUQUER

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giene of the world—militarism, patriotism, the destructive gesture of anarchist, the beautiful Ideas which kill, and the scorn of woman.

10. We will destroy museums, libraries and fight against moralism, feminism and all utilitarian cowardice.

11. We will sing the great masses agitated by work pleasure or revolt; we will sing the multicoloured and polyphonic surf of revolutions in modern capitals; the nocturnal vibration of arsenals and docks beneath their glaring electric moons; greedy stations devouring smoking serpents; factories hanging from the clouds by the threads of their smoke; bridges like giants gymnasts stepping over sunny rivers sparkling like diabolical cutlery; adventurous steamers scenting the horizon; large breasted locomotives bridled with long tubes, and the slippery flight of aeroplanes whose propeller has flag-like flutterings and applauses of enthusiastic crowds.

It is in Italy that we hurl this overthrowing and inflammatory declaration, with which today we found Futurism, for we will free Italy from her numberless museums which cover her with countless cemetries.

Museums, cemetries! . . . Identical truly, in the sinister promiscousness of so many objects unknown to each other. Public dormitories, where one is for ever slumbering beside hated or unknown beings. Reciprocal ferocity of painters and sculptors murdering each other with blows of form and colour in the same museum.

That a yearly visit be paid there as one visits the grave of dead relatives, once a year! . . .

NO. 24 RUE TOURNEFORT, WHICH DR. BENJAMIN ELLIS MARTIN IDENTIFIES AS THE REAL MAISON VAUQUER OF BALZAC'S "PÈRE GORIOT"

We are ready to grant it! . . . That an annual offering of flowers be laid at the feet of the *Gioconda*, we conceive it! . . . But to take for a daily walk through the museums our spleen, lack of courage and morbid restlessness, we will not grant it! . . . Why will you poison yourselves? Why will you decay?

What can one see in an old picture except the artist's laborious contortions, struggling to overcome the insuperable barriers ever resisting his desire to express his entire dream?

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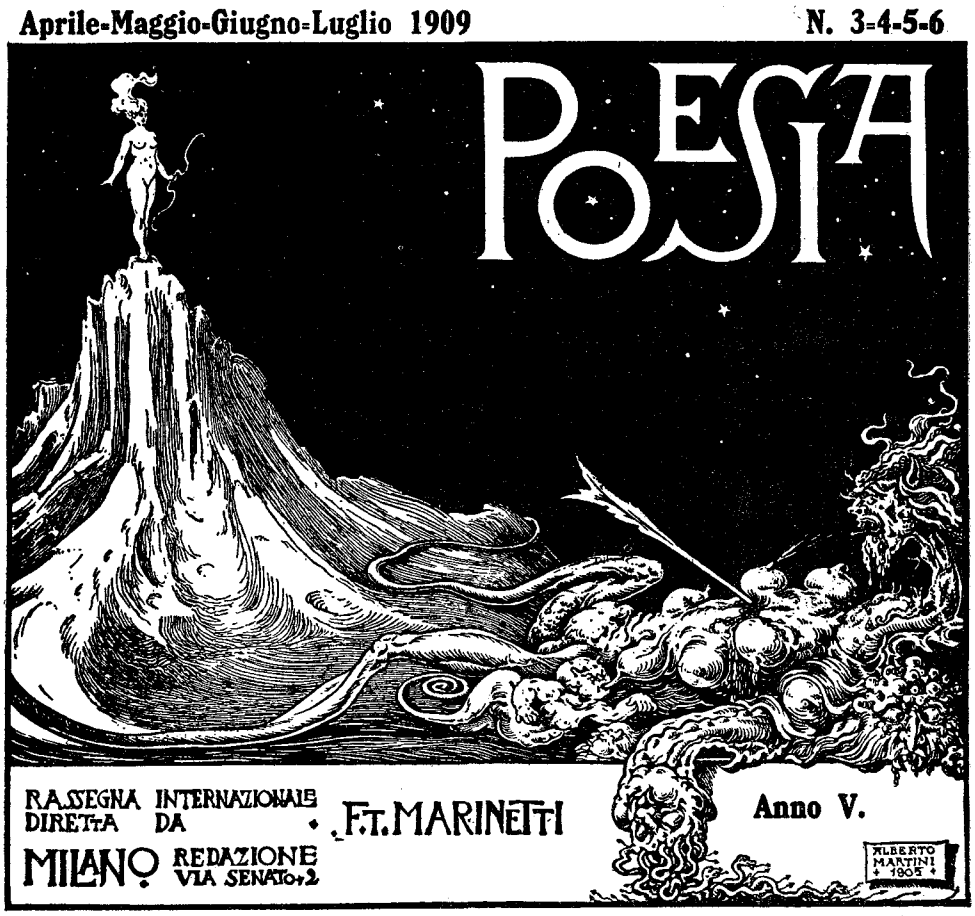


To admire an old picture is to pour our sentiment into a funeral urn instead of hurling it forth in violent gushes of action and productiveness. Will you thus consume your best strenght in this useless admiration of the past from which you will forcibly come out exhausted, lessened and trampled?

In truth, this daily frequenting of museums, libraries and academies (those grave-yards of vain efforts, those mount calvaries of crucified dreams, those registers of broken-down springs! . . .) is to the artist as the too prolonged government of parents for intelligent young people, inebriated with their talent and ambitious will.

For the dying, invalids and prisoners, let it pass. Perhaps the admirable past acts as a salve on their wounds, as the future is debarred them for ever. . . . But we will have none of it, we the young, the strong, the living futurists! . . .

Therefore welcome the kindly incendiarists with the carbon fingers! . . . Here they are! . . . Here! . . . Away and set fire to the book-shelves! . . . Turn the canals and flood the vaults of museums! . . . Oh! Let the glorious old pictures float adrift! Seize pick-axe and hammer! Sap the foundations of the venerable towns!

The oldest amongst us are thirty; we have thus at least ten years in which to accomplish our task. When we are forty, let others younger and more daring men throw us into the waste-paper basket like useless manuscripts! . . . They will come against us from far away, from every where, leaping on the cadence of their first poems, clawing the air with crooked fingers and scenting at the

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THE CROSSWAYS FARM. ABINGER HAMMER, SURREY. THE FARM OF MEREDITH'S "DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS"

academy gates the good smell of our decaying minds already promised to the catacombs of libraries.

But we shall not be there. They will find us at last, on a winter's night, in the open country, in a sad iron shed pitter-pattered by the monotonous rain, huddled round our trepidating aeroplanes, warming our hands at the miserable fire made with our present-day books flickering merrily in the sparkling flight of their images.

They will mutiny around us, panting with anguish and spite, exasperated one and all by our proud, dauntless courage, they will rush to kill us, their hatred so much the stronger as their hearts whill be overwhelmed with love and admiration for us! And powerful and healthsome Injustice will then burst radiantly in their eyes. For art can only be violence, cruelty and injustice.

The oldest amongst us are thirty, yet we have already squandered treasures, treasures of strenght, love, daring and eager will, hastily, raving, without reckoning, never stopping, breathlessly. Look at us! We are not exhausted . . . Our heart is not in the least weary! For it has been nourished on fire, hatred and speed! . . . You are astonished? It is because you do not even remember living! . . .

Erect on the pinnacle of the world, we once more hurl forth our defiance to the stars.

Your objections? Enough! Enough! I know them! I quite understand what our splendid and mendacious intelligence asserts. We are, it says, but the result and continuation of our ancestors.—Perhaps! Be it so! . . . What of that? But we will not listen! Beware of repeting such infamous words! Rather hold your head up!

Erect on the pinnacle of the world we hurl forth once more our defiance to the stars! . . .

**Meredith's Opinions**

There has naturally been a vast amount written about George Meredith in the last two or three months, and most of it has been exceedingly commonplace. One of the few interesting papers on the subject is that by Mr. Edward Clodd, which appeared in the July number of the *Fortnightly Review*. For twenty-five years

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Mr. Clodd had been in close touch with Meredith. Meredith, he tells us, was very outspoken upon men and things; he was a "great tease, full of fun and badinage;" he considered Dickens the "incarnation of cockneydom," that Gladstone had not a great mind, "though he was a great debater and a crafty controversialist;" that Matthew Arnold was "a poor judge, a dandy Isaiah, a poet without passion;" that Byron's high flights were theatrical, he was a sham sentimentalist; and that his "favourites" were Keats and the earlier verse of Tennyson. These "recollections" afford a truer insight into Meredith's personality and idiosyncrasies than anything previously published.

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**A Lost Opportunity**

There are so many things that do not get into the newspapers! Sometimes this is because they are suppressed by special influences, and sometimes a nodding journalist overlooks them and lets them get quite past him. A good instance of the latter is found in the newspaper reports of the Peace Conference held at Mohunk last May. It is a little late to bring it up just now; but it has sufficient interest in itself to be recorded here. The Peace Conference was attended by all sorts of dignitaries—diplomats, college presidents, long-haired cranks at large, and persons who flock to gatherings such as this, so that their names may be chronicled in the newspapers. The representative of the Associated Press faithfully listened to the early proceedings. It was worth his while to note what was said by Mr. Bryce and even by Mr. Mosely; though neither the tongue of men nor angels could say anything interesting on the subject of universal peace and international disarmament and Hague conferences, and all that sort of piffle. Still the press correspondent did his duty and faithfully telegraphed columns of concrete dreariness. It was all right. Everybody present was for peace. Nobody said a word on behalf of wicked war. Such unanimity naturally grew dull and unexciting; and, at last, the press correspondent stopped making personal reports of what was going on, but went off to some comfortable nook where he could smoke and tell stories to his friends, trusting to the peace people to give him abstracts at the end of the day. But alas! Eternal vigilance is the price of journalistic glory. At the very close of the proceedings something really interesting happened. A little, stocky, pugnacious, red-blooded English clergyman happened along and asked the managers to give him a chance to speak. They were rather disinclined to do so, but finally agreed to let him have five minutes at the very close. Never did any one accomplish quite so much in five short minutes. His tongue was tipped with fire, and stinging words rolled out in volleys as from a Maxim gun. He was for war. In two minutes he had bowled over all the peace advocates, and especially the bland and oleaginous Wu Ting-Fang. In the remaining three minutes he had roused the fighting spirit of the entire audience.

"In a day or two," said he, "I have been asked to preach before the cadets at West Point. Would you have me tell them that they are following a profession which is degraded, barbaric and unworthy of patriots and gentlemen? Not I! I shall tell them that they are preparing themselves for the very noblest and most sacred of all duties—the duty of facing danger and of fighting to the death for the welfare and the glory of their country!"

Thus the little clergyman went on, sweeping everything before him; and when he had finished, the whole great multitude which had come to listen to the advocates of peace had risen to its feet and was roaring out good Anglo-Saxon cheers for war and for plenty of it. But the leaders of the Peace Conference omitted this incident from the abstract which they handed to the representative of the Associated Press that night, and so he never knew anything about it; and the public which depends upon the newspapers for its knowledge have never heard of it down to the present time. This is why we chronicle it, smiling blandly. It was the only exciting episode in the whole affair, and the newspapers failed to get it. We are sorry for that correspondent. He could have made

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at least a column of good reading; and if he had reported the clergyman's remarks in full, he would also have disseminated some good sound sense as well.

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**The Third Degree**

Last month Bishop Williams, of Michigan, preached a rather unusual Fourth of July sermon in this city. It was full of plain speech directed against the faults of his countrymen, and it would be rather difficult to deny the truth of what he said. It is a new indictment, however, when Americans are told that they are inhumane. Of course, we know that we are given over to materialism, that we think money the best thing in the world, that our colleges and universities have forgotten the fine ideals of the past, and that we are a grasping, hustling race; but the notion that we are inhumane and actually cruel, comes to most of us with somewhat of a shock. In some respects, said the Bishop, we are on the level of mere barbarians. He gave a number of instances; but, if the printed report of his sermon be correct, he did not mention one of the most striking and startling of all. This is the toleration in a country which is traditionally law-abiding, of the infamous practice known to the police and others as "the Third Degree." The aftermath of a recent crime which took place in Chinatown in this city shed a baleful light upon American indifference to justice and humanity. A Chinese who was suspected of knowing something about the murder was bullied, maltreated, deprived of sleep for thirty hours and half starved, in order that he might be forced to tell what the police were anxious to find out. Now the man in question may have known all about the murder. He may have been himself a criminal of the deepest dye. Yet he was just as much entitled to decent treatment and to the protection of the law as is the President of the United States—no more so, and not a bit less so. A person suspected of crime should have the benefit of counsel. A person supposed to know important facts relating to the commission of a crime by others may be questioned properly by the prosecuting attorney or before the Grand Jury. But there is not the slightest warrant in law for subjecting him to physical suffering and degradation at the hands of a brutal gang of ignorant policemen. The sinister annals of the Third Degree have never yet been fully brought to light. Should they be so, they would tell of chokings, kicks and blows, the deprivation of life's necessities, with every other sort of mental and moral horror which minds as depraved as any criminal's can invent. These stories are not fully known to the public; for, naturally enough, the detectives and police protect each other by an ominous silence. The sufferers are poor creatures, the dregs of the city's slums, friendless, suspected and afraid to tell of what they have experienced. But just because of this, protection should be given them and they should be saved from suffering worse things than those of which they have been accused. Here is a field for genuine reform. In all our cities there should be organisations to see to it that these hapless wretches no longer suffer from a perfectly illegal form of cruelty. The very Constitution of the United States itself forbids all "cruel and unusual punishment." In tolerating the Third Degree our people put themselves below the level of other civilised nations. They have revived the mediæval torture-chamber; and, therefore, in this respect, their civilisation has gone backward and is centuries behind that of France or Germany or England. And see the folly of it. The object is supposed to be the truth; but this is the very worst way possible in which to get the truth. Torture a man sufficiently and he will tell you something. If what he tells you does not fit your theory, torture him some more, and he will tell you something else, something which he hopes will please and pacify. But of what value is testimony procured in such a way? In the case to which we have just referred, the Chinaman in question told three entirely different stories. Who can say which one of them is true? Who can say that any one of them is true, or that the tortured witness had a knowledge of the crime at all? What he said represents only the maundering of an abject terror-stricken creature, wrung from him by thirty-six

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hours of threatenings and starvation and lack of sleep, if not still more drastic and still more dreadful means. As an aid to justice, the Third Degree is sheer imbecility. As an institution to be tolerated for a single day it is a blackening infamy, a foul disgrace to the American people.

**Concerning "The Inner Shrine"**

In most cases the value of anonymity is very much exaggerated. Publishers are inclined to make a great deal of it, but as a matter of fact the reader's interest in the matter is at best lukewarm. However, *The Inner Shrine* is, we think, an exception, for there are unmistakable signs of a genuine curiosity as to the authorship. The publishers of the book have issued an alphabetical list of the authors to whom the story has been at various times ascribed. The list follows: Gertrude Atherton, Josephine Daskam Bacon, Alice Brown, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Marion Crawford, Richard Harding Davis, Margaret Deland, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Anthony Hope, Mildred Howells, Henry James, Elizabeth Jordan, Basil King, W. J. Locke, Brander Matthews, Leonard Merrick, Gwendolyn Overton, Gilbert Parker, Amélie Rives, Elizabeth Robins, Theodore Roosevelt, Van Tassel Sutphen, J. C. Snaith, Booth Tarkington, Katherine Cecil Thurston, Mark Twain, Henry van Dyke, Marie van Vorst, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Edith Wharton, Professor Wendell. Our opinion is that the name of the author is in this list and that it will be found somewhere between the name of Elizabeth Jordan and that of W. J. Locke.

**"Fifty Years of Darwinism."**

*Fifty Years of Darwinism* consists of the addresses of specialists before the American Association for the Advancement of Learning on the occasion of the Darwin centenary. It belongs to the desirable class of books, increasing of late, in which university teachers or experts in good standing have given an account of their subjects for the benefit of men of their own class but in other callings. It is not "popular science," but it puts things within the reach of laymen who are willing to take thought. Greater kindness toward laymen is, we believe, one of the chief moral needs of the specialist, —kindness, not condescension. Books like this are therefore of good omen. It is no more than fair that the layman should be treated rather handsomely by biologists. In the time of stress he did them a good turn, as Professor Poulton acknowledges in his survey of Darwinism during the last fifty years:

> Mivart's attack, contained in his book *The Genesis of Species,* was effectively dealt with by Chauncey Wright in the *North American Review* for July, 1871. Darwin was so pleased with this defence that he obtained the author's permission for an English reprint, and with further additions it was published as a pamphlet by John Murray in 1871. . . . Chauncey Wright speaks of presenting, in his review of Mivart, considerations "in defence and illustration of the theory of Natural Selection. My special purpose," he continues, "has been to contribute to the theory by placing it in its proper relations to philosophical inquiries in general."
>
> This able critic in America and Henry Fawcett in England represent a class of thinkers who have taken and still take a very important part in upholding the theory of Natural Selection. It is not necessary to be a biologist in order to comprehend the details and the bearings of this theory. They were at the very first understood by able thinkers who were not scientific men or who followed some non-biological science, when naturalists themselves were hopelessly puzzled. And at the present time such support is of the highest importance when within the limits of the sciences most nearly concerned. The intense and natural desire to try all things is not always accompanied by the steadfast purpose to hold fast that which is good.

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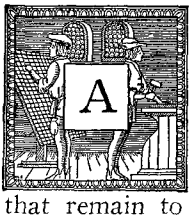
# THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX



FTER the present opening of the Letter Box we are going away for a vacation; and, therefore, at this time, we desire to finish up the most important matters that remain to us.

I

There is a small problem—or rather there are two small problems, which have been puzzling us for several months. They are delightful with a delicate mystery which takes them out of the category of common things. They diffuse a certain aroma about them as we go over them in mind. Our powers of deduction quite fail us here, and yet we hesitate to appeal to the Junior Editor. Somehow or other, his methods are almost too Sherlockian. He is intensely practical and matter of fact; and the treatment of these two questions requires a distinctively poetic touch. Perhaps we ought not to say anything about them whatsoever; yet we cannot resist the temptation of reaching out into the luminous mist beyond, and asking vaguely for a little help, as though we were appealing for the aid of seraphs or of fairies. Given, for example, a birthday, a scrap of handwriting which makes us think of Cañon City, a mass of violets which came straight from a New York florist, and a bit of stationery which bears the mark of a maker in Salem, Massachusetts—and what would you have us think of such a combination? It is geographically too complex for us to solve with any certainty. In fact, we are not sure that we wish to solve it; so much more delightful is the pleasure of dwelling on the mystery as a mystery alone, and of subtly savouring the different elements which compose it.

Then there is a second mystery which we may call "The Mystery of the Loving-Cup." Given Christmas Day and the receipt of a tall and graceful loving-cup, bearing no card and not a word of explanation—here again is something very curious. The cup was made in Switzerland in 1902. It reaches us in a box bearing the name of a New York jeweler. Yet the box is not a fresh one. It has been used before. Nevertheless, here is the loving-cup standing straight before us. The winged effigy of Fame which surmounts it is blowing vigorously upon a trumpet. She seems to say, "Guess where I came from, and how I got to you!" These are the two mysteries over which we have pondered long and deeply. Perhaps the loving-cup was not meant for us at all. Perhaps the violets—but we cannot bring ourselves to think anything so disillusioning about the violets!

II

A correspondent in Litchfield, Connecticut, writes to ask us what we think of Mark Twain's recent query: "Is Shakespeare dead?" Well, we can only say that, to the best of our belief, Shakespeare is still very much alive. It is Mark Twain who has been defunct for several years, though he himself has not yet discovered it.

III

We have received a letter from a gentleman who writes from 1750 Sutter Street, San Francisco. We cannot decipher his signature, but he uses the stationery of what is doubtless the most estimable oriental firm of Bummei-Do and Company. Our readers would be sorry to lose a single word of this charming letter, and, therefore, we publish it in full, precisely as it was written:

To the Editor of the Letter Box:

Dear Sir: I read with a great interest: "How to inform the plural of nouns ending in *o*" in your Letter Box. According to Pres. H. Saito's *Practical English Grammar,* which we have in our stock, I understood that there is a rule to inform it as such:

"Most nouns ending in *o* proceeded by a consonant takes *is.*"

As you know, Pres. H. Saito is one of the well-known English grammarians and is the

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founder of the Seisoku-Yeigo-Gakko (the correct English school) at Tokyo, Japan.

We regret that we do not know "Pres." H. Saito to be "one of the well-known English grammarians," and our esteemed correspondent's quotation does not inspire confidence. If we are to believe the "Pres.," the plural of "mango" is "mangis," and the plural of "hobo" is "hobis." We would say, perhaps flippantly, to the "Pres."—"Guess again!" But we would not be flippant to the Clear White Soul who writes to us on Bummei-Do's official stationery. Unworthy though we be, we reverence that pious, learned spirit. May the Sunshine of Success illuminate all his paths, and may he drink forever at the Fountains of Felicity.

## IV

A letter of inquiry from Lebanon, Pennsylvania:

Kindly give me in your Letter Box the words to "L Miserere" from *Il Trovatore* and the story connected with it. H. S. K.

The gentleman's name in *Il Trovatore* is not precisely "L. Miserere." We advise our correspondent to get the libretto of the opera in question from some New York music-dealer, for instance, from the house of Schirmer or from that of Messrs. C. H. Ditson and Company.

## V

We have received from a gentleman whose name indicates a Semitic origin a number of printed forms. In the principal one he kindly advises us that "it is recommendable to forward all payments by means of postal notes in a well closed envelope, *which is not to be registered.*" This matter refers to the "official money-lottery of the Kingdom of Bulgaria," and our unknown correspondent writes us from the pleasant city of Sofia in that interesting country. He tells us a great many things about the "stakes," and how we may become rich and happy by sending him a postal note. We mention the matter here purely out of a feeling of courtesy which will not allow us to leave any letters unanswered; but we must distinctly and firmly decline to share in any "stakes" in "the official money-lottery of the Kingdom of Bulgaria." Bulgaria is a long way off; and, as we said, we have not the pleasure of this gentleman's acquaintance. There are also other reasons for our coyness.

## VI

Last month we printed part of a poem which was very Kipling-like, but which was only a fragment. It was sent us by a reader who was anxious to secure the rest of it and to know something of its origin. A lady in San Francisco is good enough to send us the entire poem. We preface it by some sentences from the letter which accompanied the copy:

THE LETTER BOX:

Your query concerning the unidentified poem in the July Letter Box interests me, for I clipped it from a local weekly, all of five or six years ago, where it was printed under the title "Seafarers," with no credit to either author or source. . . . I have not seen it anywhere else, and every one to whom I have shown it pronounces it a stranger.

With renewed thanks to the lady for the complete copy, we publish it here. It only remains for some other reader to tell us who the author is. The poem is too good to go on forever with the pitiful tag "Anon."

### SEAFARERS

Shanghaied in San Francisco,
  And we fetched up in Bombay.
They set us afloat on an old Leith boat,
  That steered like a stack o' hay.
We panted in the tropics,
  When the pitch boiled up on deck,
And we saved our hides, and little besides,
  From an ice-cold North Sea wreck.

We have drunk our rum in Portland,
  We have threshed up Behring Strait,
We have toed the mark on a Yankee barque,
  With a hard-case Down-East mate.
We know the streets of Santos,
  And the loom of the lone Azores,
And we found our grub in a salt-horse tub
  Condemned from Navy stores.

We know the track to Auckland,
  And the light on Sydney Head;
We have crept close-hauled while the leadsman called
  The depths of the Channel's bed.

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We know the quays of Glasgow,
And the river at Saigon,
And have drunk our glass with a Chinese lass
In a houseboat at Canton.

They pay us off in London
(It's oh for a spell ashore!),
And again we ship for the Southern trip,
In a week, or hardly more.
It's "Good-bye, Sally and Sue,"
For it's time to get afloat,
With an aching head and a straw-stuffed bed,
A knife and an oilskin coat.

Sing, "Time to leave her, Johnnie,"
Sing, "Bound for the Rio Grande,"
When the tug turns back we follow her track,
For a long, last look at land.
Then the purple disappears,
And only the blue is seen,
That will send our bones down to Davy Jones,
And our souls to Fiddler's Green.

## VII

Now comes a polite question from a reader in Buffalo, New York:

DEAR BOOKMAN:

I am glad to find in your Inferno in the June BOOKMAN, the word au-to-*mo'*-bile, with the accent on the penult. This accent had always offended my ears, but it seems to be increasing, and when its advocates triumphantly refer me to the *Century Dictionary,* which gives no other pronunciation, I can't give any better reason than that I "just know" it isn't so. Will you please tell me why the most cultivated people accent the last syllable, which is the same as asking why you put it into the Inferno with the penultimate accent?

This letter is merely a sort of diversion of light cavalry to precede the attack in force, of which we spoke last month. We shall not fire off any ammunition until the main onset has swept up to the breastworks. Here it comes—horse, foot, dragoons, and the whole panoply of horrid war. It approaches from the direction of Denver, Colorado, and perhaps the estimable Polka Dots may be in the van of the assault.

EDITOR OF THE LETTER BOX:

In the March number of the BOOKMAN, in answer to your correspondent from St. Louis, regarding the pronunciation of "automobile," you use the following words:

"Our correspondent misunderstands us. The proper pronunciation of the word 'automobile' has a strong accent on the first syllable, and no accent on any other syllable. This pronunciation is practically universal among cultivated people. The individual who figured the pronunciation in the *Century Dictionary* is probably the sort of person who always smells of fried things. The tendency of the English language is toward a recessive accent irrespective of the original quantity of the Greek or Latin word which is incorporated in our language. As to the genesis of 'automobile,' we should like to ask our correspondent how she pronounces the word 'anemone.' If she regards its genesis, she ought to accent the penult, and not the antepenult."

Not so fast, my brother, not so fast! Your strictures are too severe. Ease up a little—just a little! As a matter of fact, is there any real analogy between "anemone" and "automobile"? The former is a simple word, and the latter is made up of the *two* words "auto" and "mobile," each being accented on its first syllable. When these two words are combined into one, the accent of the less important gives way to that of the other, and we have "auto-*mō'*bile," the BOOKMAN to the contrary, notwithstanding. Furthermore, if you will look at the note under the word *anemone* in Webster's *International Dictionary,* edition of 1900, you will read the following words: "This word is sometimes pronounced ane*mō'*ne, especially by classical scholars."

Under the general rule, "It is better to be dead than out of the fashion," we shall hereafter expect the BOOKMAN to say not only "auto*mō'*bile," but "ane*mō'*ne," as well. Your revised edition of the Inferno should contain "an*em'*one" in the place of "auto*mō'*bile"—provided you are dying to be classical, don't you know! Had you not better ease up on your strictures a little bit more—just a little bit more? In the following quotation, for instance? "This pronunciation is practically universal among cultivated people. The individual who figured the pronunciation in the *Century Dictionary* is probably the sort of person who always smells of fried things!" Do you know that Webster's *International Dictionary* also pronounces this word "auto*mo'*-bile, first, last, and all the time? Does the individual who "figured out" this pronunciation for Webster also smell of "fried things"? Does not your business office advertise, and sell, Webster's *International Dictionary* as an

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*authority* on spelling, pronunciation, definition, etc., etc.?

Going still further, do you know that the *New International Encyclopædia* says "automō'bile," or "automobēl'"? And do you know that *your* pronunciation is, or at least seems to be, without any authority whatever? And do you mean to confess that the editors and publishers of the *New International Encyclopædia* are not within the pale of cultivated people? And do they, also, smell of fried things? Do you not get a whiff, now and then, associating as you do with people who always have the smell about them? For, I notice that Dodd, Mead and Co. publish the *Encyclopædia,* as well as the BOOKMAN. They even advertise Dr. F. Sturgis Allen, Chief of their Department of Pronunciation, as being "Chief Editor (under Dr. William T. Harris) of Webster's *International Dictionary.*"

Do you not know that the business office of your firm advertises the *Dictionary* and the *Encyclopædia* as "The Two Internationals," and guarantees them to be authority in *words,* as well as in *subjects?* And on the heels of that question comes another—an important one to many people—"If the BOOKMAN is the ultimate authority on spelling, pronunciation, meaning, *general,* and *special* use of words, what will become of all those men, women, and children who have nothing but "The Two Internationals"? Of course you will say, "Oh, that is *easy*—subscribe for the BOOKMAN!" But what will they do with the "gold bricks" that they have acquired? Will you refund on "The Two Internationals"? You must do *something* to relieve these unfortunates. You cannot look on from afar and merely exclaim, "Let me go hence. It is the uncultivated rabble. They smell of fried things!" No! Yes, you *are* right, they do smell of fried things—"The Man Who Knows" has been their way—abroad in the land, and walking up and down in it! He had *touched* the people, and what you smell is the smoke of their sizzling. Come out of your make-believe Inferno, and get a taste of the real thing!

Yours fraternally,

E. PLURIBUS UNUM.

Now all this will probably seem to many at first sight like a convincing and confounding crash—a dialectic *débâcle* under which we must be writhing in a state of prostration, mental, moral, and æsthetic. But no. Not at all. See how a few plain words shall clear this matter up. Let us divide the whole thing into sections.

(1) Please remember that some months ago we declared to all our readers that in the Letter Box we were intrenched like a feudal baron in his castle. We do not hold ourselves responsible for anything else which may be said, done, written, advertised or spoken by the publishers of the BOOKMAN. That is none of our business. We have no business agent, no press agent, no connection with anything. We are not even answerable for what appears in other parts of THE BOOKMAN. We are the Letter Box, in splendid isolation, conveying the *fine fleur,* the *quinta essentia,* the pure milk of the Word in English usage, as it is found not among the "educated," who are often cruder than peasants, but among the Cultivated, the Enlightened, the Remnant, the Very Few. If we stopped at this point we should have sufficiently answered the "arguments" of E. Pluribus Unum, since they would not apply to us at all. But we are quite willing to come out of our castle and give him battle on the field that he has chosen.

(2) The word "automobile" came into our language from the French. Therefore, at first it was sounded very much as in French—automo*beel'*, with a slight accent on the ultima. This pronunciation is still largely used. We do not place it in the Inferno, for there is an historic reason for its existence. Yet the tendency to recessive accent, so characteristic of our language, soon began to work unconsciously. A few pedants hit upon "auto*mo'*bile," thinking, as E. Pluribus Unum ignorantly thinks, that the fact of its being a compound word made any difference. But does the multitude know or care anything about compound words? Note "diagram," "telegram," "Marconigram," "imbecile," "syllogism," "adjudicate," "indicative"—in fact, all the hundreds of compounds on which the accent recedes back of the second word. Thus it came about that gradually the accent in "automobile" shifted from the ultima, where it originally belonged, to the initial syllable.

(3) The edition of Webster's *Dic-*

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*tionary,* which our correspondent quotes, is nearly ten years old. The *New International Encyclopædia,* though since greatly revised, has not been so revised in its orthoepy for six years. Very rarely is it necessary to make such a revision. But in the case of new words for new things—as "automobile"—changes do occur quite rapidly. Ten years will often establish a cultivated pronunciation, side by side with a crude one. This has been so with "automobile." Those who really know say *"au'*tomobile," or possibly "automobile" (automo-*beel'*). The editors of dictionaries ten years ago could not tell just which pronunciation would finally be the accepted one, and so they cautiously gave both. To-day, unless they smell of fried things, they would know what is the precise, and so to speak, canonical pronunciation.

(4) E. Pluribus Unum thinks that the number of people who say "auto*mo'*bile" is increasing. Perhaps so; but they are not the sort of people whose example one would care to follow in the niceties and finer things of life.

Having made these few remarks, we retire once more into our moated grange. We trust that all our readers may enjoy the summer, and not cease from writing to us merely because of our temporary æstivation. We shall bring back some choice new specimens for the Inferno.

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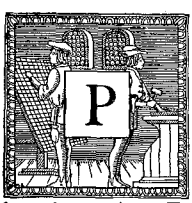
# THE VANISHED BOHEMIA*



ERHAPS the only kind of a Bohemia that brings with it the genuine suggestion of charm and romance and ardent hopes and brave enthusiasms is the vanished Bohemia; the Bohemia of reminiscence that has been mellowed by the lapse of years. It is the Bohemia of which the sordidness and the pretence and the pose have been kindly forgotten. That was the Bohemia which George du Maurier, come to sixty year, described glowingly in his story of Trilby O'Ferrall, and the "Three Musketeers of the Brush," and the studio in the Place Sainte-Anatole des Arts on the *rive gauche* of the Paris of the last days of the Second Empire. That was the Bohemia that Thackeray, already something of a grave old gentleman at forty-five, liked to allude to in his memories of a remote youth, in his talk about Cider Cellars and Caves of Harmony, and the "brave days when we were twenty-one." It is the Bohemia that in *Old Friends* seems to bring a thrill to Mr. William Winter, as he writes about the days in 1859 and 1860 when he came from American Puritan Boston, where he had been writing what he thought was poetry, to New York, to drink beer in Pfaff's restaurant on Broadway near Bleecker Street, and to foregather with the strange group of wits, real or alleged, that dominated the literary, journalistic and artistic life of the city of that period. And in the chapter in which he tells of this vanished Bohemia, Mr. Winter seems to recall much of the spirit of his vanished youth.

There were some pathetic lives and singular figures. For example, the Prince of that Bohemian Circle, Henry Clapp, who edited the *Saturday Press,* and who in appearance somewhat resembled the portraits of Voltaire. Clapp's delight was to shock the commonplace mind and to sting the hide of the Pharisee with the barb of satire. At a time when Tupper was more popular than Tennyson and General George P. Morris was actually accepted as the American Tom Moore, a spirit like this was not without use. Clapp it was who described Horace Greeley as "a self-made man that worships his creator"; and who said of a notoriously vain clergyman, when asked if he knew what the Reverend —— was doing: "He is waiting

*Old Friends. By William Winter. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

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for a vacancy in the Trinity." With all his brilliancy, Clapp's life was one of crosses and disappointment. He drifted into penury and died in abject destitution, and lies buried in a little cemetery of his native Nantucket.

Then there was Fitz-James O'Brien, the most striking figure of the group. "As I think of him," writes Mr. Winter, "I recall Byron's expressive figure, 'a wild bird and a wanderer.'" Some of his stories, now quite forgotten, such as "The Diamond Lens" and "The Wondersmith," were once regarded as the most ingenious tales that had appeared since Poe. When the war broke out O'Brien sought service in the field, at first with the Seventh Regiment of New York, and later as a Volunteer Aid on the staff of General Lander. O'Brien and Thomas Bailey Aldrich had applied, almost simultaneously, for the place of Aid, and the appointment had been given to Aldrich. Through an accident the letter carrying the appointment failed to reach Aldrich, and so the position went to O'Brien. On February 6, 1862, in a fight with the Confederate Cavalry, O'Brien was dangerously wounded. Two months later he died of the wound. Henry Clapp, who disliked intensely both of the men, summed up the subject in a frightful witticism. "Aldrich, I see," he said, "has been shot in O'Brien's shoulder."

Others of the Pfaff group were Edward G. P. Wilkins, George Arnold, N. G. Shepherd, Frank Wood, T. B. Aldrich, Charles D. Gardette, Edward Mullen, Walt Whitman, Charles Dawson Shanly, W. L. Symonds, George Boughton, and Sol Eytinge. At times, of nights, the long table beneath the Broadway sidewalk became surrounded. Once Artemus Ward made his first appearance there accompanied by an acquaintance. "Don't be afraid," said Ward reassuringly to his companion, "they won't hurt you. These are Bohemians. A Bohemian is an educated hoss-thief." Thither came Mr. W. D. Howells, whom Mr. Winter describes as "at that time, a respectable youth, in black raiment, who had only just entered on the path to glory." In later years Mr. Howells wrote of the night as "an orgy," and of the Bohemians with "locks still damp from the towels used to restore them from a fearful debauch." All of which Mr. Winter ascribes to the "fine fancy and fertile invention which have made Mr. Howells everywhere illustrious." In defence of his companions Mr. Winter says:

> The men of whom I am writing had faults, no doubt, and many of them: all the angels, of course, lived in Boston at that time, and were marshalled, by Frank Underwood, around *The Atlantic Monthly:* but those old comrades of mine were not sots, nor were they given to "debauchery." Most of them were poor, and they were poorly paid. As an example, I will mention that for my poem of "After All," which has since found its way into almost every compilation of verse made within the last fifty years, I received three dollars—and was glad to receive so much. Revelry requires money: and at the time Mr. Howells met those Bohemians,—with the "damp locks" and the "frenzied eyes,"—it is probable that the group did not possess enough money among them all to buy a quart bottle of champagne. Furthermore, they were writers of remarkable ability, and they were under the stringent necessity of working continually and very hard: and it seems pertinent to suggest that such a poem, for instance, as George Arnold's "Old Pedagogue," or Fitz-James O'Brien's Ode in commemoration of Kane, or Charles Dawson Shanly's "Walker of the Snow," is not to be produced from the stimulation of alcohol. Literature is a matter of brains, not drugs. It would be equally just and sensible for American criticism to cherish American literature, and to cease from carping about the infirmities, whether actual or putative, of persons dead and gone, who can no longer defend themselves.

Perhaps the best chapter of a book that contains many good chapters is that in which Mr. Winter writes of his friend Thomas Bailey Aldrich. The two men were born in the same year, 1836, they entered the literary life at the same time, and from the day they met until they exchanged their last greetings there was never a cloud between them. Mr. Winter recalls a remark of the early days which he has held to be a comfort to remember. They were young strugglers in Boston, and Aldrich said: "There are

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many people in this town, Willy, who think that you and I are fools; but as long as we know that we are *not*, it makes no difference to us." Here is a little quatrain which Mr. Winter recalls as typical of Aldrich's playful humour:

> If my best wines mislike thy taste,
> And my best service win thy frown,
> Then tarry not, I bid thee haste—
> There's many another inn in town.

Once, in Paris, Aldrich invited Mark Twain to take a walk and led him by a circuitous route to a book shop near the hotel from which they had started. In a window was a copy of the "Poems" of Aldrich. "I have asked the shopkeeper if he has any more of the works of Aldrich, and he says No; so you see the sale has been very large—for this is the only copy left; but he says that he has several shelves full of the works of Mark Twain, and more of them in the basement. I'm afraid you are not appreciated in France."

Much has been written about Charles Dickens in America and Charles Dickens as a reader from his own books, yet Mr. Winter's chapter gives a singular impression of freshness. When before an audience, he tells us, Dickens assumed the pose of an actor. He wore evening dress, but he used the accessories of footlights and also a coloured screen as a background, and he "made up" his face as actors do. There was, in his reading, an extraordinary facility for impersonation, and he employed all essential means to heighten the desired effect of it. How hard he worked to this end is shown in an anecdote which Mr. Winter had from the younger Charles Dickens. One morning at Gadshill the son heard a great din, shouts and screams, as of a violent drunken quarrel.

> At first I did not heed it, but after a while, as it steadily continued, I went out to our grove, across the road, where I found my father, alone. "Have you heard the row?" I asked. "Did you hear any noise?" he answered. "Yes," I replied, "I thought somebody was being killed. What can have happened? Did *you* shout?" "*I* made the row," he replied; "I have been rehearsing the murder scene in *Oliver Twist*. It was the wrangle of Bill Sykes and Nancy that you heard; I have just been trying to kill Nancy." "Well," I said, "I should think you have succeeded, for a more damnable racket was never made."

It is the custom of the present day, if not to ignore Wilkie Collins entirely, to speak of him as a writer of very mediocre talent. Mr. Winter, however, regards him as a great writer, deserving a place with the great masters of English fiction, and as a story-teller, specifically, standing alone. His personality was even more interesting than his authorship. Hall Caine, in his recently published *My Story*, spoke of Collins's use of laudanum. Mr. Winter contributes the further information that he also took opium, and that he defended the practice. "Opium," he said, "sometimes hurts, but also, sometimes, it helps." His use of drugs grew out of his acute sufferings from rheumatic gout in the eyes. When he was writing *The Moonstone* his pain was so great that he could not control himself, and one amanuensis after another was forced to leave him. Writhing and groaning on a couch he dictated the greater part of that extraordinary story. Using George William Curtis as a text Mr. Winter makes the opportunity of preaching a sermon against the practice of glorifying hardship as an incentive and inspiration in literary work. Because of the sacrifice Curtis had to make when he went into business, and again when he went into politics, Mr. Winter holds that the literature of his country is poorer. Literature, maintains Mr. Winter, was never yet enriched through the pressure of want. The best literatures of the world, those of Greece and England, were created in the gentlest and most favourable climates of the world. "With little exception, the best individual work in those literatures was produced by writers whose circumstances were those of peace and comfort. Shakespeare, Herrick, Chaucer, Milton, Pope, Byron, Wordsworth, Addison, Shelley, Scott, Moore, Lamb, Thackeray, Tennyson—none of them lacked the means of reputable subsistence. Burns, fine as he was, would have been finer in a softer and sweeter environment of worldly circumstance."

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How ephemeral is celebrity! How many of the readers of the present generation recall even the name of Arthur Sketchley, the first man of whom Mr. Winter writes in his chapter on "Old Familiar Faces." Sketchley, whose real name was George Rose, is described as one of the blithest of companions. He was a humourist and an impersonator, and in the character of Mrs. Martha Brown, a representative of the average, conventional middle-class English mind, he satirised the scenes and incidents of the passing hour. In England and Australia he had an extraordinary success; in America Mrs. Brown was not understood. Rose became an intimate friend of the American humourist Artemus Ward. The latter Mr. Winter describes as possessing, in an extraordinary degree, the faculty of maintaining a solemn composure of countenance while making comical or ridiculous statements. Some of the manifestations of this gift must have been, to say the least, exceedingly embarrassing. One night he and Winter had been merry-making, and about three o'clock in the morning repaired to Ward's hotel, at Broadway and Great Jones Street.

On reaching his room he hastily summoned a servant, and, after ordering that copious refreshment should be provided, he earnestly inquired, with an imposing aspect of solemnity, an aspect by which I was completely deceived, whether it would be possible to arouse the landlord. The servant hesitated.

"It is late, sir," he said.

"I know it is late," replied Artemus; "but I have a message for him, of the utmost importance. It is urgent, and I am sure he will be glad to receive it. Do you think you could wake him?"

"Yes, sir; I could wake him, if you"——

"Well—I will see that you are not blamed. Will you remember what I say, and be careful to deliver the message exactly as I tell you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, give him my compliments; be sure you mention my name; he's an old friend of mine; he'll be delighted to hear from me. Wake him, and tell him,— and speak *distinctly*, will you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell him, with my very kindest regards, that—*the price of liberty is eternal vigilance.*"

Of Edmund Clarence Stedman, Mr. Winter writes in the highest terms of eulogy and appreciation, but in his attitude toward Richard Henry Stoddard there is perhaps the suggestion of a certain hostility. He tells how one day he (Winter) and Henry Clapp locked the doors of the old *Saturday Press* office to prevent the intrusion of creditors. There came a loud, impatient knocking, followed by the sound of a grumbling voice. Finally the visitor gave up the attempt and went away. Clapp took his pipe from his mouth and softly murmured: "'Twas the voice of the Stoddard—I heard him complain."

*Arthur Bartlett Maurice.*

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# YOU OF THE MORNING HOUR

With deep Amen are closed the funeral rites:
The wreathing incense lingers on the air,
A mist of sorrow and a floating prayer
That dims the altar's starry lights.

Slowly the coffin 'neath its crest of flowers,
Two white-robed nuns before,
Is borne to trembling music down the aisle;
And following, as loath to go,
Even to steps so slow,
The mourners in defile—
The white-haired woman whom her grief devours,
The children bowed and weeping sore
The friend, the father they will see no more.

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And we the watchers, grey of head,
Lifelong companions of the man here dead,
Gaze sorrowing through backward glance of years,
And finding ever lonely founts of tears
In silent reaches of the past.

Sudden I catch my breath aghast,
And ask myself what place
In such procession finds yon smiling face?
Scarce more than boy, with sunlit hair
And eyes of laughing blue,
Of buoyant stride and gesture debonnair,
A red rose in his coat so gay of hue.
What does he there,
With joy of raptured hours upon his brow,
In startling light from suns long gone?
Why shine they on his forehead here and now,
The while the dead man's coffin passes slowly on?

Surely I know, I've seen—
Oh, no: the like it never could have been—

What smile familiar on his lips—
His parted lips, as if some song
Of joyous lilting and of merry quips
Were fain to issue clear and strong?
Yea, glad strains ring of carols wild, profane,
That match the laughter of his eyes,
Strange discord making with the sobs and sighs
From hearts here wrung in bitter pain.
They mingle with the dead-chant in mine ear,
Across the thrilling of the organ's roll:
O stripling of the singing soul,
Your place is far from here!

Ay, somewhere once, far off in time,
When twin were love and joy,
And living was a silver rhyme,
I knew you, boy, care-free and debonnair;
And he whose clay you follow knew
Your laughing heart, your blue eyes rare,
You of the morning hour,
You of the blood-red flow'r.
And all might read the darling hope
That was your lode-star then,
Ere passion fired you, and the rocky slope,
Ambition, tempted you beyond your ken:
When love first dawned on you in flame,
And temple shrines of fame,
Mid garden spaces hedged by living truth,
Lay fair before you, eager to explore—

*Oh God, it is my golden, jocund youth*
*Goes out there by the dead man at the door.*

*Joseph I. C. Clarke.*

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# THE HUMAN SIDE OF TENNYSON*

HEN the memoir of Lord Tennyson, written by his son, appeared, the book was hailed with eagerness by two entirely different sets of readers; or rather, one may say with more exactness, it was read from two entirely different points of view. There were many persons who were especially concerned with the purely literary side of England's greatest laureate, with the sources whence he gathered his suggestions, with his theory of his own technique, and with the intimate details of his poetical composition. There were many more who sought for something really accurate and authentic of Tennyson the man—of the living personality that lay behind his splendid and stately creations, like a magician standing at the heart of some marvellous maze of shimmering enchantment.

To the analyst of style, to the expert in metrical experiment, and to the critical student of our nineteenth-century English, no poet in his work suggests so many interesting questions as does Tennyson. And in the scholar, also, who can look at literature in a broader way, as part of the culture-history of an epoch, the poetry of Tennyson inspires curious reflections. For it was his extraordinary good fortune not only in his method to develop to the utmost all the latent music of our mother tongue, and in his themes to sweep the entire gamut of feeling and emotion, but in doing so to bring to bear the finest, broadest, truest scholarship, fused indistinguishably with a subtly penetrating knowledge of mankind; so that almost alone among the greatest modern singers, he received the enthusiastic plaudits of the learned, and at the same time touched the heart of the unlettered and the lowly. And this is in reality the final test of the poetic art, which in its supreme development is not for any class or set or coterie of men, but for the enduring joy of all humanity.

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Among recent poets Tennyson is in this respect almost, if not entirely, unique. He is saturated with the classical literature; he knows it, not as a university don or as a pedant knows it, as something laboriously acquired, and therefore a thing of which its possessor is always ostentatiously self-conscious; but it is a part of himself as truly as are his modern sympathies, his consummate mastery of his native tongue, and his unerring instinct for cadences and harmonies. Take any one of such fine poems as "Tithonus," or "Œnone" or "Lucretius," and the classical scholar will find a hundred subtle reminiscences of the Greek and Roman singers; yet these reminiscences are not dragged in as tags or lamely introduced just because of their suitability to a given purpose, but they are so completely blended with the poet's own splendid diction and vivid searching thought as to be truly his, and therefore they yield to the cultivated reader an added richness and charm, without even the faintest flavour of imitation or repetition. They are what Vergil's reminiscences of Ennius were to the later Romans—simply a tinting, an added magnificence, a reminder that here is not only a rich and noble imagination at play, but also a mind teeming with all that is beautiful and best in the whole great past of man's artistic creativeness.

Nor is it merely in his occasional themes and in his frequent turns of phrase that Tennyson recalls his classic masters. His wonderful harmonies, his suggested and unuttered music, would have been impossible except to one who had noted and understood the melodic capacity of human speech applied to perfect diction, as seen in those immortal singers who had at their command a complex metrical system based upon the nicest and most delicate quantitative distinctions, and who studied the melody of language until they could make their lines sing like a bird, or trill like a silver flute, or roar and thunder with the deep organ music of the tempestuous sea. Tennyson is everywhere classical in his profound comprehension of the require-

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ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, LADY TENNYSON, AND THEIR SON

ments of his art; while he is modern in the spirit that directs it and in the ends to which he so unerringly applies it. And this modernness is to be detected partly in his choice of themes, yet still more fully in his spiritual treatment of them. For, unlike the Greeks and the Romans, the simplest things of life can stir him deeply. The obvious and the usual are so treated by him that they, too, sing or sob at the master's touch. The ripple of the brook that rushes over its pebbles, the dying note of the distant bugle horn, the hopes and fears of the village girl, and even the shrewd, homely wisdom of the peasant, are to him as instinct with true poetry as that sublimely useless rush of the Six Hundred on the Russian guns,

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or the solemn passing of the soul that vanishes out into illimitable darkness amid the sound of the breaking surf and the chime of the evening bell.

The stateliness of Tennyson, his loftiness of mind, his true patrician scorn of what is low and mean are felt in every line he wrote. The spirit of the English gentleman who loves the truth and worships honour is most clearly seen in the selection of King Arthur as the hero of that cluster of superb delineations which together form an epic built round the central figure of one who is the type incarnate of true chivalry. Yet the marvel still remains that as, with all his subtle learning, Tennyson is the chosen poet of the unlettered, so with all his aristocratic pride and elevation he none the less can sweep the heart-strings of the lowly. He mingles in his art the varied powers of a score of other poets. Thus, Swinburne is quite as deeply versed in the classical tradition; he has the gift of melody in almost an equal measure; yet he is but little read by men who know no Latin and no Greek. Longfellow had the pathos, the apparent artlessness, and the simplicity; but he lacked the strength and force, while his scholarship was superficial; so that men who are supremely cultivated pass him by as being little more than an amiable and pleasing rhymer. Kipling, who should by right have succeeded to the laurel, is full of fire and splendid energy, but he lacks the spiritual element, while the rude vigour of much that he sets down too often repels by its sheer brutality. It was Tennyson alone, in our day, who could dominate all types of mind, and kindle the imagination and stir the blood alike of peasant and patrician. No wonder, then, that every thoughtful student of pure poetry is eager for some light upon the processes that went to make so marvellous an artist and so supreme a master of emotion.

But if Tennyson the poet is an object of especial interest there is much in Tennyson the man that still more piques the curiosity. Almost alone among English-speaking men of letters, he succeeded in maintaining that freedom from intrusion which is every day becoming more difficult for the man or the woman of distinction. To him there was something vulgar in the publicity that so many persons not only tolerate but even court. His work belonged to the world, but he meant his life to be all his own, open to his nearest friends, and barred against all others. And so he shut himself up in the Isle of Wight, as being a place not easily accessible to the casual tourist, and he afterward removed thence, to a still more sheltered spot. The reporter never got beyond his gateway; the gossiping American tourist never had a chance to publish any small-beer chronicles of his daily life and talk. And the chosen friends who knew him well and who were free to come and go at pleasure proved singularly reticent and discreet, so that throughout the lifetime of the poet, a bit of genuine Tennysoniana was the very rarest of all literary treasures. Of his life and of his person the world at large had only a vague impression comparable with that which the fisher-folk of his island home at times received of a tall and striking figure, wrapped in an ample cloak and crowned with an eccentric hat, walking up and down in the mists of early evening, lost in thought or muttering the verses that were presently to delight the world with their exquisite and perfect charm.

Therefore, as I have already said, the memoir written by his son was regarded and examined from two points of view—first as to the light which it might shed upon Lord Tennyson's artistic theories and methods, and in the second place as to the more intimate knowledge which it was expected to give of the living, breathing, human man who won for English poetry an added glory. From both these points of view the memoir itself proved to be wholly disappointing, and it is instructive to consider the reason why this judgment must be passed upon it; for the consideration will serve to show what limits must be set to the study and the understanding of the creative processes and the intimate personality of transcendent genius.

First of all, let us very briefly take up the question of how far the world has been enlightened as to the inner history and the psychical side of the poetry of Tennyson. If any one could so enlighten

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us, surely it would be the poet's son. It was long ago that Hallam Tennyson set himself the task which he finally completed in this memoir. His father knew his purpose and approved of it. Hence, every possible aid was given him and every possible source of knowledge was freely open to him. He received and carefully preserved the original drafts of all the greater poems. He noted down his father's statements as to sources and suggestions. He had the precious privilege of long and searching conversations in which the poet spoke with the greatest frankness and freedom regarding every sort of theme suggested by the study of his verse; and he recorded carefully a thousand interesting details regarding the circumstances that attended the composition of the various poems. One had the right then to expect to find in the wealth of material so patiently collected and correlated and massed together, a treasure-house of priceless information. One might not unreasonably suppose that through this intimate knowledge one could go back of the poet's finished work to the workings of the mind that lay behind it, and by following up the stream of his poetry, stand for a moment beside its very source. Let us see, therefore, how much real insight can be actually gained from the immense collection of facts which Hallam Tennyson has recorded for us; and this may best be done by taking from his pages some of the notes and facts and comments that will be sufficiently illustrative of all the rest.

Thus, of *In Memoriam,* one of the most deeply thoughtful threnodies that the world has ever read, his biographer gives in Tennyson's own words the original design of the poem:

"It must be remembered," Lord Tennyson wrote, "that this is a poem and not a biography. . . . It was meant to be a kind of *Divina Commedia,* ending with happiness. The sections were written at many different places and as the pleasures of our intercourse came to my memory and suggested them. I did not write them with any view of weaving them into a whole, or for publication until I had written so many. The different moods of sorrow, as in a drama are dramatically given, and my conviction that fear, doubts, and suffering will find answer only through Faith in a God of Love. 'I' is not always the author speaking of himself, but the voice of the human race speaking through him."

As to the gradual evolution of the *Idylls of the King* much interesting information is set down. The germ of this series of noble poems is traced to the short lyric, entitled "The Lady of Shalott," which appeared as early as 1832; though even before this (in 1830) the other lyric, "Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere," had been partly written. Among Lord Tennyson's papers his son found a sketch of an epic on the same subject set down in prose about the year 1833. Some scattering notes of the same date have also been preserved. They are very short and very fragmentary, but they are especially significant as showing that from the very conception of the idea, the *Idylls* had presented themselves to their author as embodying an allegory, in which King Arthur prefigures religious faith, Modred scepticism, Merlin science, Excalibur war, and the Round Table liberal institutions. At this time, however, Tennyson had not decided definitely whether to develop the theme in epic form or as a musical masque, for his manuscript-books preserve the rough draft of a scenario into which the episode of Elaine was afterward introduced. The poet made a long study of the whole Arthurian legend—talking, thinking, and reading about the subject until his mind was saturated with his theme. He visited Wales because of his interest in what he called "the greatest of all poetical subjects;" it was not until the plan had been thoroughly worked out and had been in his mind for more than twenty years that he finally published (in 1855) the first instalment of the poem in "Enid," "Vivien," "Elaine," and "Guinevere;" and even then, with the applause of the whole English-speaking world to urge him on, he did not hurry the completion of the cycle; so that it was not until 1885 that "Balin and Balan" rounded out the twelve books and made perfect one of the noblest monuments of literature.

Of the stirring "Charge of the Light Brigade," we learn that Tennyson in

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reading the account of the battle of Balaclava in the London *Times,* found there the phrase "some one had blundered," and that this was the origin of the metre of the poem, besides furnishing its author with one of the lines—a line much criticised, by the way, as being too colloquial in its phrasing. Of "Maud" it is said that in reading it aloud the poet always prefaced the reading with a long explanation of its dramatic qualities; and his son thinks that his delivery of this poem showed him to be possessed of the dramatic qualities of a great actor. In the metre of the short poem "Boadicea," Tennyson greatly gloried; but he feared that those who read it would not understand the rhythm.

We have much miscellaneous information about Tennyson's views of his own art and of metrical technique, though these views are not set forth in the memoir in any connected or systematised way. He disliked hexameters in English, yet rather inconsistently experimented in other classical metres to which our language is still less adapted, notably the Alcaic, as in his "Ode to Milton." He believed Vergil's finest hexameters to be found in the Georgics, and he held with all the stubbornness of an Englishman the view that the absurd English pronunciation of Greek is grander than that which the Greeks must have employed, "with a difference as between the roar of the Northern Sea and the hissing of the Mediterranean." Some attention is given to his rather radical opinions about blank verse in English, and it is noted that his own blank verse is practically a new invention, differing from that of the Elizabethans and of Milton in being more flexible and varied, and also, one may add, more difficult to read with good effect. He made some rather comic lines by way of showing what would be

TENNYSON IN YOUTH

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the effect of a metrical, as distinct from a natural, accent in English verse—among them this pentameter:

Áll men alíke hate slóps, ||párticulárly gruél.

It is noted also, that Tennyson thought himself the inventor of the metre of "In Memoriam," and only afterward discovered that it had been already used by Ben Jonson, Sir Philip Sidney, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Not without some value is the statement made in the memoir to the effect that, judging by the personal letters called forth by them and by the number of translations made of them, the most popular poems of Tennyson are "Enoch Arden," "Aylmer's Field," "The Grandmother," "Sea Dreams," "The Northern Farmer," "Tithonus," and "The Flower," together with "In Memoriam." Of "Enoch Arden," sixty thousand copies were sold in an incredibly short time.

It will be seen that the sort of information which has been here detailed, while it is very interesting, and while it has a real value in literary history, does not, after all, give one anything resembling an actual insight into the subjective processes of the poet's work. And this is inevitable. In the nature of things an inspiration cannot be analysed; the soul of art cannot be vivisected. A great genius cannot set down in bald detail the innumerable influences that guide him in evolving an immortal work. He does not know them himself; he is not conscious of them. His mind is richly stored with thoughts that are apparently unrelated. His soul is vibrating to a myriad delicate harmonies that are as yet completely unevoked. Then comes a time when some strong emotion, some powerful wave of sentiment or of feeling, sweeps over him, and of a sudden a set of ideas that before were nebulous and half chaotic leap out before the consciousness, arranging themselves at once into harmonious relation to each other. The imagination is kindled, the brain throbs with the passion of creativeness, the words come swiftly and in melodious fitness to clothe the thought in language that shall ennoble and enrich it—and a great poem is born. But who can say of such a work that one thing or another is alone responsible for its suggestion? It may be the rapid impulse of a moment, or it may be the ripened fruit of years and years. Of each of these processes an illustration has been given above in the origin of the "Charge of the Light Brigade," and in the evolution of the *Idylls*—and of the two, the first perhaps is the more significant and truly typical.

It is, however, when we apply to the memoir the second test that we find it chiefly lacking. When we ask for information of Tennyson the poet, we learn whatever the closest observation and the most intimate knowledge can afford; and if all this be defective, it is defective only from the nature of the case. But when we ask to be enlightened as to Tennyson the man, then we know that our disappointment is due wholly to the accident of the biographer's relationship to his subject. We desire to know Tennyson as he really was, with all his weaknesses as well as all his strength, with his temperamental idiosyncrasies as well as his intellectual grandeur. Now the present Lord Tennyson did his work as a dutiful and loving son should do such work. One can but praise him for the great discretion, the delicate feeling, and the tact that he displayed. He gave an agreeable picture of a character that was really fine, and he set forth the history of a poet who was in very truth a most consummate genius. But he wrote first of all as a son, and not as a searching analyst; he also suppressed much that others could have written and that he could not. He chose perforce *pietas* and not simply *veritas* as the motto of this portion of his work.

Of what sort, in reality, was Tennyson the man? As revealed to us by his son he appears a noble and somewhat stately personage, grave, and full of proud patrician dignity. This side is lightened by touches here and there that show a gleam of humour, an interest in the common things of life, a quiet love of fun, a latent geniality. But this lighter side is but a glimpse, a flicker, a quite artistically introduced relief to a picture that as a whole is one of almost haughty seriousness. We lay down the book with an impression of a character that is somewhat ideal, one that explains

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some of the phases of his genius, yet one that is defective as a clue to much that we can feel in reading his completed work. The Tennyson of the memoir is the Tennyson who wrote the *Idylls,* the Tennyson of "In Memoriam;" but it is not the Tennyson of "The Northern Farmer," and of "The May Queen," nor is it quite the Tennyson of those stirring lyrics that voice the soul of martial England.

Now, it was right for Hallam Tennyson to give the world a more or less idealised delineation of his father; and, if one seeks elsewhere for a truer and fuller knowledge of the man, it is not in the spirit of iconoclasm nor in that other spirit, so prevalent to-day, which worships ugliness in the morbid vein of Baudelaire. It is rather the desire to know so much of the whole truth as may be necessary to the perfect comprehension of a great man's art, and to explain what cannot otherwise be wholly comprehensible. And, indeed, when all is said that must be said, the magic of the poet and the greatness of the man will not one whit be lessened; they will only be explained.

Lord Tennyson came of a stock in which were traceable three quite distinct and different racial strains. His father's family was originally of Danish blood, descended from the Scandinavian invaders who occupied the territory to the north of the Humber in King Alfred's time. Upon his mother's side is found French ancestry; and these two elements had been blended in every century with a strong infusion of pure Saxon blood. It is no idle fancy that detects in the poet's work the vital qualities, the distinguishing characteristics, that are due to each of these three sources. To the French strain in Tennyson he owes his sense of style, his perfect clarity, his ease and flexibility of diction, and his exquisite appreciation of the unique and fitting word that always rose responsively to mirror in its sound and sense the subtlest shades of thought. From the Danish element his poetry received much of its eerie picturesqueness and the fine imaginative quality which, with a touch of wildness, forever glows and shimmers in the poetry of the Scandinavian North. And to the Saxon blood are due that underlying strength and sturdiness, that homely quaintness, and that ripe humanity which give to all the other qualities their full perfection and enduring power. It was this last, indeed, that bound the whole together, and imparted to the whole an honest, manly, human touch.

The Saxon side, the yeoman side, was very marked in all the personal characteristics of the man. It showed itself in many ways—in ways that are intensely characteristic of the Englishman; and it is essential that these shall be least suggested in any conscientious effort, however slight, to link the poet with the man.

In the first place, the self-assertiveness which is so typically English was very strong in Tennyson. He had but little care for another's feelings. Visitors who came to him on his invitation or on the invitation of his wife were often appalled by his grimness, his sullen silence, his rude indifference to all the duties of a host. Nor was even his sociability at times less typical of a strangely self-centred nature; since it often took the form of egotism, and he would bear down all other conversation in his arrogant monologues upon his own achievements, ending usually with interminable recitations of his own productions; for he was inordinately fond of declamatory renderings of his latest verse; and while, no doubt, one might esteem it a high privilege to hear Tennyson interpreted by himself, the fact remains that the act was one of gross indifference to others.

In some still less commendable ways he showed the same aggressiveness. Professor Max Müller, in his lately published reminiscences, gives us a very curious case in point. While Professor Müller and his wife were still newcomers in the town of Oxford, they had the honour of entertaining Tennyson, until then a stranger to them, in their home. He spent the night there, and in the morning strode into the breakfast-room, and, without the usual salutation, stalked up to the table, which was already laid. Whipping the cover off the principal dish, he snorted with disgust.

"Mutton chops!" he roared. "The staple of every second-rate inn in England."

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Again, this very fundamental and pervasive trait sometimes appeared as selfishness and perhaps ingratitude. His biographer records the long and intimate friendship between Tennyson and Edward Fitzgerald, the translator, or, perhaps, one might say the creator, of Omar Kháyyám. But naturally no mention is made of one fact which, in his lifetime, Tennyson's nearest intimates deplored and often made the subject of apologetic comment. When he was young and rather straitened in his circumstances, the future laureate, then quite unknown, first won Fitzgerald's friendship. Fitzgerald recognised his genius and was to him far more than any ordinary friend, opening his purse to him, helping him in all his numerous perplexities, and giving him the aid and comfort of which he often was most seriously in need. But when Tennyson had become famous and Fitzgerald was an old and feeble man, then the distinguished poet let the friendship die. He never went to see Fitzgerald; he never asked him to his house; and he seemed entirely forgetful of any debt of gratitude.

Another quality like this—an English, Saxon, peasant quality—is found in a strong vein of coarseness that belonged to the very nature of the man. He had a homely way of uttering coarse things in language that was direct and forcible, but that was strange enough in the mouth of a poet of such exquisite delicacy and grace. A very curious story that has never before, I think, been printed, may be set down here with an apology for telling it. It illustrates so perfectly one phase of Tennyson's mentality that the reader will perhaps forgive its crudeness. It seems that Carlyle once, while visiting the poet, brought up the subject of William the Conqueror, and with his usual tendency to hero-worship set forth in a long and glowing monologue the ability and native power of the Norman king. He lauded his martial qualities, he defended and justified his cruelties to the vanquished Saxons, and he ended with a passionate eulogy of the man. All this time Tennyson had uttered not a word, but sat in silence, puffing slowly at the stem of a short black pipe. At last, after an hour of declamation, Carlyle turned to his listener and cried out, triumphantly:

"Come, man, what think ye of him, now?"

Tennyson took another puff or two and then drew the pipe from his mouth.

"If I had been there," he observed sententiously, "he'd very soon have felt my knife in his guts!"

When Longfellow first visited Tennyson, the Englishman entertained him for an hour or more with the narration of obscene stories. Longfellow, a man of extreme and almost feminine refinement, listened silently, suppressing out of courtesy his ineffable disgust. Afterward a friend of both of them ventured as delicately as possible to intimate to Tennyson how he had shocked and disappointed his American guest. There still exists a letter which is half apology and half explanation, written to Longfellow by the other poet, and giving, as an excuse, the reaction that he always felt after devoting himself so intensely to the subtlest niceties of language—a reaction which drove him often into the utterance of things both gross and vile.

It is not necessary to illustrate further this side of Tennyson's personality, as to which, however, an abundance of authentic material exists. What has been said is quite sufficient to explain some characteristics of his work. And it has, indeed, a larger meaning of which one ought not to lose sight. It touches the far-reaching question of the true significance, and the limitations also, of the very highest culture—the culture that gets its inspiration from the past and that is linked inseparably with the classical traditions.

The assertion is often very freely made that there is something intellectually enervating in the academic training; that it kills originality, that it over-refines, and makes of its possessor a creature of mere rule and precedent, so finical and so self-critical as to lose all spontaneity and creative energy. There is an element of truth in this, but it is only part of a much broader truth—that there is no training whatsoever which can compensate for the lack of native gifts. A saphead will be a saphead still, even after the university has done its very best for

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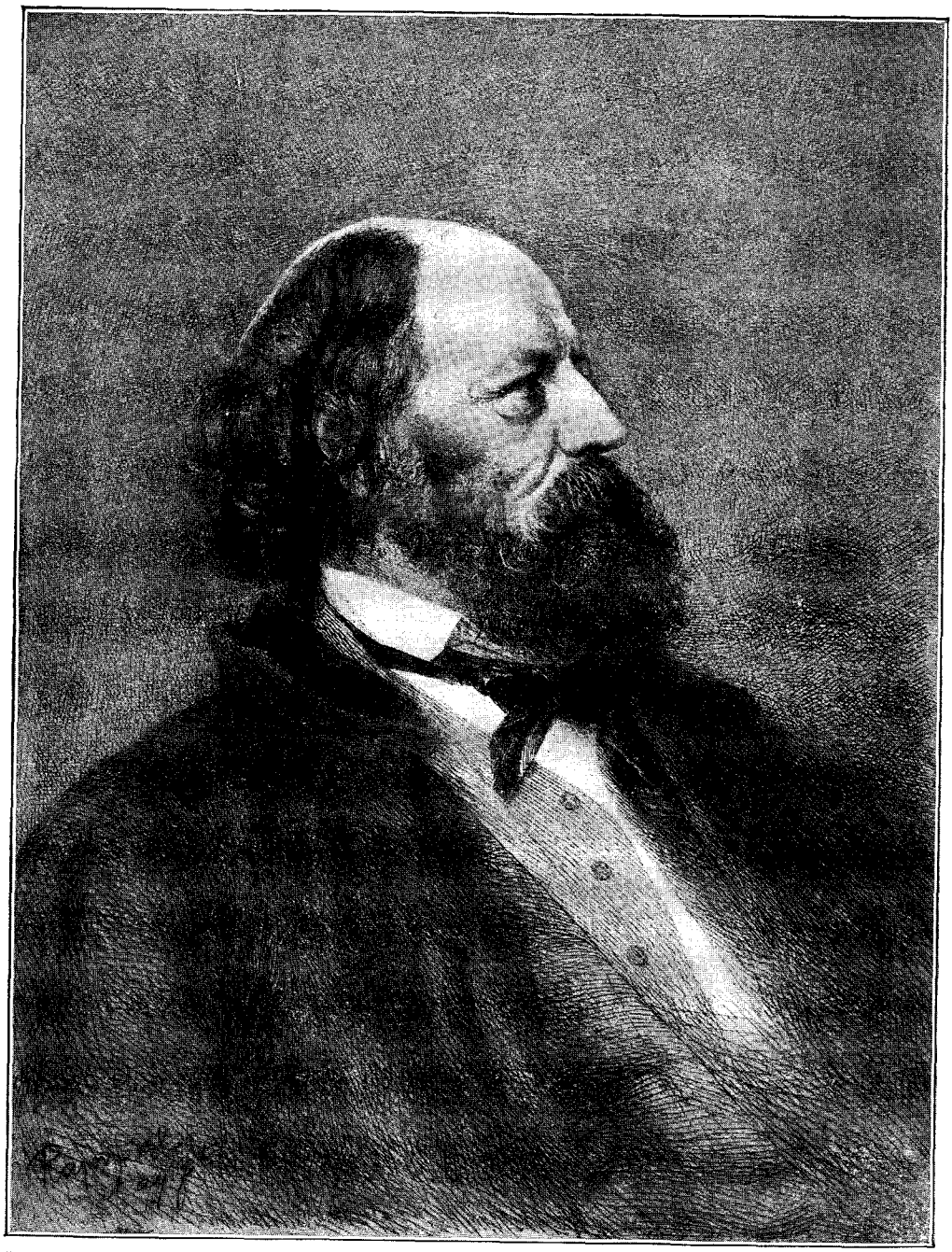

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ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

From the engraving by Rajon

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him. A flabby, hesitating, timid spirit will acquire no real strength and force from any teaching. And more than this, it is quite true that there is such a thing as over-refinement. A person whose cast of mind is wholly æsthetic, whose life lies all in his emotions and his feelings, and in whom these things are not kept sanely balanced by a certain purely physical endowment, will surely suffer harm from any training which accentuates what is already abnormally developed in him. The seeds of higher culture are like the seeds of grain in the parable of the sower. If they fall on stony ground they can but die; if they fall on an impoverished soil they will germinate to sicken and wither away. It is only when they are dropped into the teeming, fructifying earth that they spring up into a growth that yields abundant harvest.

But when an intellect is richly endowed with all the highest qualities of imagination and insight and with an exquisite sensitiveness for what is rare and beautiful in nature and in human life and thought, and when this intellect is buttressed by the good, sound animality of the fully developed man, then it is that the old-time training can accomplish such results as nothing else has ever yet evolved. For the whole splendour of the classic past, flaming upon the ardent mind in a stupendous revelation, inspires and stimulates to unsparing effort. It brings no dark discouragement, but it rouses emulation and whets the edge of intellectual ambition. It sharpens the mental vision and refines the taste; and if there exists a coarser strain, this is not destroyed nor yet intensified; it is but transmuted by a magic touch into a source of strength and power. And it was just this perfect combination of the intellectual and the physical, blended harmoniously by the classical tradition into an absolutely perfect unity that gave to the world in Tennyson a poet who could stir the heart of every kind of man, and who, therefore, may even now with confidence be added to the roll of those few golden-throated singers whose names the world will never willingly let die.

*Harry Thurston Peck.*

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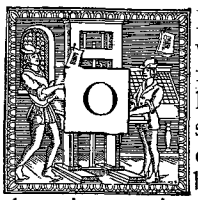
# HENRY HARLAND IN LONDON



NCE upon a time the writer of this impression found hidden in the leaves of *Temple Bar* a short story. The name of the author was new, but the story made a deep impression. Condensed into a few short pages, one felt the irresponsibility, the gaiety, the mockery of Paris; and suddenly—as a cloud obscures the sun—one realised, too, the tragedy, the squalour, and the bitter tears underlying the charm of that wonderful city.

Some years later a lucky chance threw into the writer's hands the first volume of *The Yellow Book,* containing "The Bohemian Girl." The two words "Henry Harland" spelt just a name at that time —how much more they have come to mean since then, only those who were privileged to know the man for whom they stand as symbol can comprehend.

No man ever valued that subtle *essence* we call "style" more than Henry Harland, yet no man depended less upon it; because behind the chiselled sentences shines the beautiful soul of him; so that, while he worked with his medium—words—taking infinite care and infinite joy in the working, the vitality of what he has left behind him springs from sources deeper than words and touches the very essence of humanity. Again (perhaps he would not be pleased with the writer for saying this), but it is the truth: It was impossible for him, whether he talked, or wrote stories, books or letters, not to radiate comfort, consolation, and a fine comprehension of life —at once sad yet gay—peculiarly his own. Here is a bit from a letter of his

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written in London, during a spell of foggy weather; he was a child of the sun, and he hated bad weather; besides, he wanted to join his wife in Paris; and at the moment he was concerned because the public did not appreciate Henry James:

To think that Henry James's *Maisie* has never gone into a second edition! I hope you read it with unutterable admiration? There! you see, when I do sit down to write a letter, I go gabbling on forever. And am I sufficiently depressed and depressing? I wish I was seven years old, building a castle of wooden bricks on the floor of a nice warm nursery. That's the nearest approach to joy we can get in this vale of tears, I think. Nursery castles, and nursery tea, and nursery fairy tales, and nursery bed and sleep. Why do we ever grow up?

This letter was, of course, written years ago. Times and tastes have changed since then, or at least have changed sufficiently to allow Henry James to come into his own so far as the discriminating public is concerned. That this is so, we owe much to Henry Harland; and we owe it no less to his personality, to the quality of his heart and of his soul, than to his work and to the excellence of his judgment. His influence on literature was and is great; he never in matters literary grudged praise or shrank from blame; the number of those whom he helped, whom he toiled for and encouraged is amazing. The writer never knew him to shirk a criticism about "work," or knew him to pass one upon any human being's character or actions. His generosity and sympathy were limitless. He writes, after four large pages of closely written criticism in that characteristic handwriting which crowded so much upon the page: "I fancy you reading this letter, pale and disheartened by it; and my conscience smites me that I should have written it; and I long to comfort and encourage you." And this to a stranger whom he had never met, and at a time when he was desperately busy editing *The Yellow Book;* when he was at work upon big stories and novels; when he was one of a brilliant literary and artistic circle. Again he writes:

I am sorry, sorry, sorry. Forgive me. I can't help it. I can lie about anything in the world except literature. And besides, you will have your revenge when you read my "Rosemary for Remembrance." I'm sure it's twaddle.

This letter was just like him! Barely a word about his own work. Sheets of careful criticism and help for somebody else of no importance whatever; the fear of giving pain, the desire to console; and then that jesting sentence, "I can lie about anything in the world except literature." That was funny! That made one laugh. Because Henry Harland never grew up, and if he ever told lies, surely they were, like the fibs of childhood, extremely obvious. He was the most perfectly joyous of men. As one who knew him very intimately says: "He loved every aspect of life; it was so charmingly full of delight to him. He saw it always truly, and he enjoyed like a child and a poet the pageant and the show of it."

Of course, where his art was concerned he could be severe. He was a merciless critic to those who do not put their utmost into their work; he had no patience whatever with sham, with vulgar success, with slovenly and indifferent accomplishment thrust upon the public as of paramount importance and merit. It is something, in an age when every one is carried away by cheap success, to find a man thus utterly determined to fight for the best. The best as he saw it then, as so many have come to see it since. When *The Cardinal's Snuffbox* appeared, what a chorus of praise broke forth! And yet even that novel cannot surpass some of the short stories in *Grey Roses,* or those which first appeared in *The Yellow Book* and afterward in book form, under the title *Comedies and Errors.*

The writer once asked him: "But why *Grey Roses?*" He answered with the quotation which faces the title page of the volume: "Yes—the conception was a rose! But the achievement was a rose grown grey." That sentence is part of his gospel: one must try, and try, and try again, yet never hope to touch the skirts of achievement—here.

There is so much to say about Henry Harland's work! But it is not for the present writer to say it. He belonged

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to a brilliant band of artists and writers. Many of them are still alive; let *them* speak. It is enough for the writer to call attention to some of his short stories. For example, there are three in *Comedies and Errors*. They are "Tirala-Tirala"; "Rooms"; and "The House of Eulalie." Then that "Rosemary for Remembrance" which he is "sure is twaddle"! In *Grey Roses* there is a very marvellous story called "A Responsibility." It contains a sermon—how Henry Harland hated that word—and it expresses the author very clearly. That tale is one of the most pathetic ever written.

"The Light Sovereign" (*Mademoiselle Miss*) is a fine example of that particular vein (even before the days of *The Prisoner of Zenda*) which he had made peculiarly his own. Later, he wrote several longer stories on the same lines. As one of his critics wrote at the time of *Castles near Spain*, all are "lovely idylls, in which young passion and a quaint humour are blended into a rare harmony."

Henry Harland's letters are full of glowing appreciation of others, of generous offers of assistance:

> Of course I shall be delighted to read the tales you already have in hand, and to give you all the advice and all the assistance in every way I can. You must never hesitate to "command me," as they used to say when earth was nigher heaven than now.

This from the office of *The Yellow Book*. He was very busy, and very far from well—he had barely recovered from an attack of influenza. How many men would thus put aside self to help a stumbling beginner?

He jokes about his age: "Compared to the wonderful premature infants who are my contemporaries and associates in the Y. B.—compared to the Aubrey Beardsleys and the Max Beerbohms—I am a very monument of antiquity. *They* treat 1880 as mediæval; and I (alack the day!) was born in 1861." Again: "Yes, 'Irremediable' was a stunning piece of work." He speaks of Max Beerbohm's "subtle humour"and "distinguished sense of style," and then bursts out, "*Don't* you care for 1880"? Quite vexed because one had not been sufficiently understanding or appreciative. At the end:

> I hope when you have any question to ask you will write another letter. And you needn't mark it "not of importance." After all, what is of importance if not the opinions of a kindred mind?
>
> I'm going for the second time to see Henry James's *Guy Domville*. It is the prettiest play I have ever seen in London. I hope you read and love Henry James? To me he seems the only master of considered prose we've got. Ah, but you're not mad about style, as I am. Besides, by the bye, he's one of the two or three "good" men I know. Oh! the weather, the weather! Why must one abide in the frigid zone? Why can't one step upon a magic carpet and at a wish be transported to Sicily or Algiers? And to think that there are people who quite honestly enjoy a frost! As if London wasn't hard enough to bear at the best of seasons! And then to have London *and* a fog together! Why doesn't every one live in Paris? But then perhaps you don't care for Paris either? For me, the effect of the cold is to freeze up all my powers to work. I can't get on with the tale I'm trying to write until it is nice and muggy again. And it is tragical to see an unfinished manuscript staring one reproachfully in the face. Oh! how you would hate that same attempted but unfinished tale. For it's one long hymn of praise to Effeminacy, one long anathema of manliness. You would think my hero a precious muff, I'm afraid. He neither shoots, nor hunts, nor fishes, for he can't bear to kill; and he doesn't care for golf or riding; and he never walks when he can take a cab or an omnibus.

This was meant to provoke an outburst on the "goodness" of Man, and the beauty of "Manliness." Mr. Harland loved good-tempered teasing and "poked fun" in return delightfully. Yet this is the man who wrote:

> Yes, I'm afraid it is "it." That's what it is to know what's what. But it has spent its fury now and I am better. To-morrow I will begin life anew; and the first thing I shall do will be to send you back the MSS. you ask for, and to read your tale of three.

Not much "effeminacy" about this, after a severe bout of influenza! Or again, on another occasion:

> Thank goodness, I finished my story yesterday afternoon and sent the "copy" to the printer. Heaven knows whether it is good for

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anything. Then Le Gallienne, the Crackanthorpes, and a few others came to dinner. And then I went to bed and lay awake in high fever and delirium till nearly dawn—influenza, I suppose. So this morning, it's a very seedy person, the person who is seated in an untidy yellow room, writing to you. My wife and I enjoyed your letter to her immensely.

Then he goes on to condemn most justly a certain modern French writer as "tawdry" and adds:

I have six hundred thousand things to say to you, but they will have to wait till I am less "shaky."

Again he writes:

I am sorry to think of you as ill. I wish I could do something, say something to heal you. . . . I know what illness means. Three years ago I was condemned to speedy extinction by all the great "lung specialists" of Paris and London. But I got well, and shall probably live to be hanged.

He wrote once about a friend who had disappointed him. Only a few words, but he must have felt deeply hurt even to mention it. Immediately afterwards came another letter:

I am sorry I said anything about him in my letter—please forget it. He is a splendid, noble, altogether sterling fellow. I am perfectly ready to believe that the right is all on his side. The disillusion that I have suffered refers to myself, not to him. That he should disapprove of me because of the Y. B. shows how little he found in me worth caring for. Don't you understand?

It is strange when one looks back, to recall the dislike, the animosity with which *The Yellow Book* was regarded by many quite clever, reasonable, cultivated people. Even the humblest contributors came in for a share of execration and—"don't have anything to do with *The Yellow Book*. We hear it isn't quite—*nice*"—was the mildest commentary. However, it is many a long year since *The Yellow Book* lived down its non-existent past. Mr. Harland's Quarterly needs no defence in these later times. He loved it, worked for it, believed in it with all his heart. Here is part of a letter, written from Paris, which shows how eagerly he wrought for his magazine, how glad he was of even the humblest criticism. Besides, this letter is very typical. . . . It is impossible to write of Henry Harland without writing of his wife, because she was woven into the very fabric of his life and he of hers. Yet on this subject few words are best. There is a sentence in this letter which expresses, unconsciously and briefly, his inmost heart:

Will you let me write on the ordinary paper of commerce, and tell you how glad we were to get your letter last night? I have plenty of other paper, it is true, thin foreign paper and stout English paper, and even *papier à cigarettes;* but it is all in my wife's room, and my wife's asleep. So, as I don't want to disturb her, I must write on this or hold my peace. . . . I want your whole experience of the *Yellow Book* to be a happy one (indeed, indeed it was)! Tell me, do write and tell me what you think of the number as a whole. In many ways it strikes me as the best, the most symmetrical and serious we have produced: but by no means the most brilliant.

Then follows a delightful page.

I wish you would change your mind and come to Paris instead of going to the Esplanade Hotel. To be sure we haven't the sea here, but we have so much else. We have the most brilliant sunshine, the bluest skies, the softest breezes; we have the Bois de Boulogne, the Seine (with its bateaux-mouches); we have Versailles, Saint-Cloud, the wood of Meudon. We have the *salons,* the Champs-Elysées, the Champs-de-Mars. We have the Café d'Orléans to lunch at. In one word, we have Paris, beautiful, gay, colourful, suggestive, exhilarating Paris. I'm sure a fortnight here would do you more good than a cycle of Seaford, Sussex. It would gain your spirit a complete change and a great joy; and "of the spirit the body takes its health." Come. We will spend long hours sunning ourselves in the Luxembourg gardens; we will stroll along the "Quais" and pick up rare volumes from the "bouquinistes." We will stand in the middle of the Pont de la Concorde and enjoy the wonderful view up and down the river, the Trocadero, a violet blur against the sky, the pink and yellow Cité, the towers of Notre Dame. We will get such interesting glimpses of, and into, Life and Human Nature; we will be

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witnesses of so many striking comedies and tragedies; we will find so many stories made to our hand. And, finally, we will talk! Oh! we will talk, talk, talk—of literature—of shop—which means of Everything—for *our* shop contains everything, contains all others. Don't you think you'd better come! . . .

It is extraordinary what an impression Henry Harland's personality made upon those who knew him. Here is an instance. Some three years ago the writer of these pages and her husband made a garden. One June day—a day of roses—in 1907—an acquaintance—a clever man, a man of intuitions—wandered up and down the lawn, smoking. Presently he came back and said: "It's odd how this garden of yours always reminds me of Henry Harland and of his books. Somehow it possesses his atmosphere." It *was* odd—he had no idea we had ever known Mr. Harland. And yet, perhaps not odd at all, since such an influence as his—an influence for good, for beauty—is imperishable, is liable to reappear in many forms and in many ways. Personality is as subtle as it is deathless.

*Mabel Kitcat.*

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# REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS

## ELLEN GLASGOW

### I. Her Technique

WHILE there is not the slightest doubt of Miss Glasgow's title to a place of honour in a series of papers on the leading story-tellers of America, it must at the same time be recognised that this particular aspect of her work, if too rigidly adhered to, is likely to do scant justice to her rather unusual powers. It is, of course, axiomatic that without some sort of a story we cannot make any sort of a novel; and we cannot make a strong, big novel without a rather big, strong story as a foundation. And yet the story alone cannot be used as a measure of bigness, because many other factors enter in to make up the sum total of any novel destined to live. Some novelists, however, choose deliberately to subordinate other interests to that of the narrative they have to tell. Their mastery of technique may be of the best; their philosophy of life sane and earnest and helpful—yet if they insist upon regarding themselves primarily as entertainers, and their books as little pocket theatres, then they remain of their own choice in the ranks of the story-tellers. Miss Glasgow is one of the small number of American novelists who have chosen to take a higher and finer attitude toward their work. And that is why it is impracticable, even in a series bearing the present title, to discuss her place in modern fiction simply from the standpoint of story-telling.

In glancing back over the twelve or fifteen years during which Miss Glasgow has been practising her careful, deliberate, finely conceived art, and patiently working, not without an occasional blunder, toward her present mastery of technique, one feels that on the whole she has not yet had in full the generous, widespread and serious recognition to which she is entitled. Some of her volumes, to be sure, have enjoyed a wide circulation; and in many quarters she has had cordial critical appreciation. And yet, at best, it seems distinctly disproportioned to a talent which, in the opinion of the present writer, stands in the forefront of American women novelists, outranking on the one side Mrs. Atherton, as far as it outranks Mrs. Wharton on the other.

And, in the first place, in order to understand the sound critical grounds for assigning so high a place to the author of *The Deliverance,* it seems not merely worth while but even obligatory to ex-

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amine briefly her understanding and use of technique. Her creed in fiction is obviously that of the realists—although her adherence to it is not so rigid as to preclude her from an occasional excursion into romanticism. And her novels are not only realistic, but they are in the best sense of the term Zolaesque—that is to say, they have an epic sweep and comprehension, an epic sense of the surge of life and the clash of multitudinous interests. This particular type of novel is so seldom successfully achieved in English that it seems well to call to mind just what are its characteristic features. The epic novel, like the epic poem, must have a twofold theme, a specific human story and a big general problem—the wrath of Achilles and the Trojan War; the expulsion from Eden and the Fall of Man; the fate of Uncle Tom, and the whole problem of slavery. And the very essence of this epic quality lies in the ability to tell the specific, central human story, and hold and stir you with the pathos and the tragedy of it, and yet all the while keep before you the realisation that this specific story is only an isolated case of a general and widespread condition; that Achilles brooding in his tent is only a symbol of the pervading wrath and sorrow and desolation begotten by war; that the empty cabin of Uncle Tom is only a symbol of the cruelty, the broken ties, the inhumanity attendant upon slavery. It is a curious fact that Mrs. Stowe, probably without any conscious understanding of technique, produced an almost perfect epic novel according to principles that were destined to be formulated fully half a century later. And it is equally curious that the first American woman since Mrs. Stowe to succeed in writing a genuine epic novel should also have chosen a similar setting and a similar theme.

To state the case more correctly, it is curious that the first woman among our modern writers to achieve this type of novel should have happened to be a Southern woman. Because, since Miss Glasgow happens by birth and education to have a knowledge of Virginian scenes and people beyond that of other parts of the world, she has simply been obeying the most elementary principle of good technique when she chooses for her setting the region that she knows best; while such a volume as *The Wheel of Life,* in which the scene is laid in New York, is to be classed, in spite of much that is good, among the number of the author's blunders. One feels in this New York story as though Miss Glasgow were slightly out of her element, as though she lacked sympathy even for the best of the characters in it, and frankly disapproved of the others. It is even more difficult for a woman than for a man to attain the attitude of strict impersonality which is demanded by the highest rules of modern construction—and herein, one feels, lies one of Miss Glasgow's failings. She could not, if she would, help showing us how her heart goes out to certain favourite characters, young and old, white and black alike—nor would we have it otherwise, because in her affection for these people, whom she understands so profoundly, lies the secret of the abiding charm which they in turn possess for us.

Human stories, strong, tender, high-minded, her volumes undeniably are. But what one remembers about them, even after the specific story has faded from the mind, is their atmosphere of old-fashioned Southern courtesy and hospitality, of gentle breeding and steadfast adherence to traditional standards of honour. She has dealt with special skill with the anomalous and transitory conditions of society that followed the close of the war—the breaking down of old barriers; the fruitless resistance of conservatism to the new tendencies of social equality; the frequent pathetic struggles to keep up a brave show in spite of broken fortunes; the proud dignity that accepts poverty and hardship and manual labour with unbroken spirit. Such books as *The Battle-Ground, The Deliverance, The Voice of the People,* are in the best sense of the term novels of manners, which will be read by later generations with a curious interest because they will preserve a record of social conditions that are changing and passing away, more slowly yet quite as relentlessly as the dissolving vapours of a summer sunset.

## II. Her Themes

In order, however, to understand on the one hand just how she uses her

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technique, and on the other how she succeeds in giving such poignant reality to her people and her scenes, it is necessary to examine in somewhat more detail at least a portion of her books. And *The Battle-Ground,* as one of her earlier works, and also one that reaches back historically to the time of the Civil War, forms a convenient starting point. It is, besides one of the most obvious instances of Miss Glasgow's characteristic method of epic structure. In the first place, it deals with the wide, general theme suggested by the title—and in this wider sense the central figure is not a person but a State, the State of Virginia; and the story is the story of that State before, during and immediately after the four years of devastating struggle. But more specifically *The Battle-Ground* is the intimate history of one Southern family, the Lightfoots, or rather of one member of that family, Dan Montjoy, whose mother, old Major Lightfoot's only daughter, had made a runaway match with a hot-headed, mean-natured scamp, who had cost her a brief misery and an early death. Dan Montjoy comes naturally by his hot temper, but for the most part he is a true Lightfoot, and the idol of his grandfather's old age. But there comes a day when impetuous youth leads Dan into certain foolish escapades that his grandfather takes too seriously; angry, unforgettable words are exchanged, and the young man goes forth penniless, to fight his way in the world alone, leaving home, friends and the girl he loves. What he might have made of himself under other conditions is a question that Miss Glasgow does not even touch upon; but it happens that this quarrel occurs on the eve of the Civil War; Dan's secession from the family circle coincides with the South's withdrawal from the Union. And so, throughout the rest of this powerful war novel, we see a double struggle waged upon a double battle-ground—the struggle of a family of federal States at war with each other; and the struggle of a human being for independence of the ties of blood. And in the end, when the South as a whole is brought to accept defeat, Dan has learned still another and more personal lesson, and returns once more, wiser and happier with the sober happiness of maturity, to those at home who have never ceased to hope for his coming.

Similarly, in *The Deliverance* there is a double significance of title and of plot. "After the battle come the vultures," says a Union soldier in *The Battle-Ground*—and in a broad, general way, *The Deliverance* may be said to symbolise the sufferings of the South in the years immediately following the war, when so many of those who had constituted the wealth and pride and aristocracy of the country saw their remaining possessions wrested from them by corruption and by fraud. Christopher Blake is only a single instance of this widespread injustice and robbery. He has seen his father die, broken in body and in mind; has seen the magnificent estate, that had been for two centuries the property of the Blakes, sold at auction and bought in for a beggarly sum by Bill Fletcher, his father's former overseer. Nothing can be done in a legal way; for Fletcher has been careful to see that all documents and account books that might serve as evidence against him were destroyed by fire. Christopher, a mere boy, with a crippled mother and two sisters on his hands, finds himself turned adrift, with no refuge save the overseer's former cabin and a few acres of tobacco fields, down in one corner of the estate which should have been his own. The mother, paralysed and blind, is transferred, all unaware of the change, one day when she is carried out for her accustomed airing. Knowing nothing of the fall of the Confederacy, of the death of Lincoln, of the freedom of the slaves, she lives on in a world of her own imaginings, nurtured on an elaborate tissue of lies, daily issuing orders to an army of slaves who no longer exist, and delicately partaking of broiled chicken and sipping rare old port, while son and daughters exist painfully on hoe-cake and fat bacon. Such is the tragic and impressive symbolism by which Miss Glasgow pictures to us the contrast between the hopes and the humiliations of the South. And in the story of the Blakes we see not merely a single family tragedy, but behind it an entire country given over to desolation,

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with countless estates passing into unworthy hands, countless impoverished families taking up unaccustomed burdens and cherishing in their hearts a mortal bitterness because of the dead dream of the confederacy that refuses to be forgotten. But in the case of Christopher Blake there is another and more specific story. As a boy, his first mad impulse after being turned from his home, was to murder Fletcher; but the impulse once checked had turned to a smouldering hatred, a fixed and secret determination for revenge. Fletcher has two grandchildren, a girl and a boy. The girl, Maria, marries and goes abroad, before Christopher has had time to determine whether his feeling for her is hatred or love. Toward the boy, Will, he has but one feeling, and that is a steadfast longing to use him as an instrument of vengeance. The boy is the one living thing that old Fletcher loves; therefore, by making him a liar, a coward and a drunkard, Christopher feels that he is paying back with interest the wrongs the Blakes have suffered. He never once realises the unworthiness of his own conduct until Maria, after some years of marriage and widowhood, returns home, and they meet once more and know that they love each other, that in fact the feeling they had cherished as boy and girl had needed only a word to make it flame into love and not hatred. But Christopher has himself done a vulture's deed, in accomplishing the ruin of Maria's brother; and when the lad in a drunken frenzy kills his grandfather, Christopher, realising his own moral responsibility, aids the other to escape and gives himself up as the murderer. Deliverance finally comes, so the book seems to preach—deliverance of the land from vultures like old Fletcher, deliverance of men like Christopher from the curse of their own mad deeds—but neither the one nor the other may be hurried; they come only with patience, in the fulness of time.

### III. Her Mature Power

There are two other volumes by Miss Glasgow, separated by an interval of nearly a decade, which nevertheless deserve to be analysed together, because of the interesting contrast they afford: *The Voice of the People* and *The Romance of a Plain Man*. Throughout all of her books, one notices a theme to which Miss Glasgow reverts again and again, with never-flagging interest, and that is the theme of unequal marriages. Under the changed conditions of the reconstruction period it was inevitable that the old distinctions of race and breeding, the old prejudices against honest toil and industry should be to some extent modified; and that the daughters of impoverished families should not in all cases think that they were stooping if they wedded brave and honourable men whose fathers perhaps had been mere plain tillers of the soil. This problem, in its various aspects, Miss Glasgow has approached over and over again; but it is only in the two books now under discussion that she has frankly made it the central theme. Far apart as they are in other respects—since *The Voice of the People* is not without crudities of construction, while *The Romance of a Plain Man* is easily Miss Glasgow's finest achievement up to the present time—the two books offer a curious parallel of plot for very nearly the first half of their development. Nicholas Burr and Ben Starr are both small, barefoot, not over-clean boys when they first meet, in the one case, Eugenia Battle, in the other Sally Mickleborough, spick and span and freshly starched—and in each case the small girl makes the small boy exceedingly uncomfortable by declaring that she cannot play with him because he is "common." In each case the childish insult fires a latent ambition; Nicholas Burr confides to kindly old Judge Bassett his secret hope of some day becoming a judge; and Ben Starr similarly owns to General Bolingbroke, who happens to be president of the Great South Midland and Atlantic Railroad, his own determination to work his way up eventually to the presidency of that same road. In each case the boy's ambition both amuses and pleases the busy man, and in each case the boy's education is cared for, his way made smooth, and the first steps toward his ultimate goal are guided by a wise and protecting hand. And in the later book Sally Mickleborough is brought to acknowledge, precisely as Eugenia Battle ac-

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knowledges in the earlier, that "common" was a mistaken and an unjust word, and that she is glad and proud to give her heart and hand to the man who has already achieved so much for her sake. But here the two books part company. In each of them the pride of the girl's family forms an almost insurmountable barrier; in each of them there is another man who by birth, fortune and education seems expressly designed for the girl's husband. In the earlier book Miss Glasgow decides that between Nick Burr and Eugenia Battle there is too great a gulf ever to be bridged over even by love; a stray scrap of scandal touching him, too hastily believed in by her, estranges them permanently; she marries the man in her own class, while he goes on doggedly climbing the rungs of the political ladder,

ELLEN GLASGOW

to his final goal as governor of the State. The voice of the people, through the ballot, has given him his political ambition; the voice of the people, through the tongue of scandal, robbed him of married happiness; the voice of the people, through the mad frenzy of a mob, bent upon lynching a negro whom he, as gov-

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ernor, has sworn to give a fair trial, robs him of his life. And the woman lives on, in a marriage that has brought neither joy nor sorrow, finding her only real emotion in the cares of motherhood.

*The Romance of a Plain Man* is a book as much bigger and stronger as a decade of steady growth can well make it. To begin with, Miss Glasgow has realised that such a story, concerning itself mainly with the inward growth of a man's character, has everything to gain and nothing to lose by being seen through the man's eyes. Therefore, she tells it in the first person. Secondly, she realises that when two people care for each other with the fierce, unreasoning passion either of Nick and Eugenia or of Ben and Sally, they are not likely to let either small obstacles or great ones come between them; that they will brush aside entreaties, warnings and commands, and take their chances of being either supremely happy or utterly miserable. In the marriage of Ben Starr and Sally Mickleborough the author, if we rightly understand her, wishes to show how difficult it is for a man sprung from a humble and rather vulgar source to understand the finer feelings of those more gently born. For Sally's sake Ben Starr wants wealth and education and power; and for her sake he wins them, rapidly, surely and with apparent ease. He wants them first to prove to her that he is not "common"; and afterward, having won her in defiance of her family and her social world, he continues to strive for more money, more power, more positions of trust, always with a fixed idea that they will bring her greater happiness. And here is where he makes his one great mistake, that almost wrecks their married life in mid-course. He does not realise that his absorption in the big game of finance leaves him little time even to think of his wife, and none at all to place at her service. Because the obvious difference between himself and the men in Sally's own class is money and position and education, he makes the natural mistake of thinking that the attainment and possession of these things is in itself the key to social equality, the one thing essential to his happiness and hers. And the last and most important lesson in his whole course of self-education he is slow in learning—that the essential thing does not lie in these achievements but behind them—it lies in a man's power to mould his own character until he is capable of attaining his goal. It is not a bank account, nor a directorship in a railway, nor social recognition, nor a knowledge of the Odes of Horace that in themselves win and hold the love of a woman like Sally Mickleborough; but without the energy and persistence to compass these things, Ben Starr would not have been the kind of man to win her. But having once won her, though he should lose his money, forget his Latin, find himself under a social cloud, she is the sort of woman who will cling all the more loyally—and with feminine illogic be the happier for serving him. This lesson Ben Starr might have learned early in their married life, during temporary reverses, when for some weeks Sally is slowly nursing him back to health after a desperate illness, and incidentally earning their daily bread with her own frail, unaccustomed hands. Had he been less of a "plain" man, and gifted with a little more subtlety, he would have seen that for these few weeks they were nearer to true happiness than at any time before. But as a matter of fact he does not see, but goes on toiling, amassing, reaching out for more power, more fame, and year by year approaching his boyhood's ambition, the presidency of the Great South Midland and Atlantic Midland Railroad. And at last it is only under the stress of a great sorrow and a greater fear; only when he sees his wife's life trembling in the balance, that this essentially plain man receives enlightenment, and realises that the path to happiness may lie through the deliberate sacrifice of a lifelong ambition.

Such in brief is the substance of Miss Glasgow's latest volume, which at the same time is her most thoughtful, most mature, and altogether biggest novel. It is a peculiarly American novel, since it symbolises with a subtlety that is essentially feminine and a force that is almost virile the practical limitations of the doctrine that all men are born free and equal.

*Frederic Taber Cooper.*

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# THE PERSONAL ELLEN GLASGOW

A WOMAN reporter was once interviewing Ellen Glasgow at a New York hotel. As she proceeded with her questions she suddenly asked:

"Where did you go to school, Miss Glasgow?"

The Virginia novelist hesitated a moment, blushed considerably, and then replied:

"I never went to school."

"How did you learn to read?" asked the reporter.

"Well, to tell the truth," answered the author, "I taught myself at home. I picked the letters out of Scott's novels under the direction of my mother, and then reading came easy."

Thus Miss Glasgow had no opportunity to shine as editor of a college paper or to glow as the "brightest literary light" in her class. From that day, not so long ago, when she played in the quaint old Southern garden of a real old Virginia homestead until now, when her books have a wide audience, she has been a "home" person pure and simple. There is about much of her life and her work something of the atmosphere that enveloped Jane Austen. Both women plunged into writing without advice, and the first that their friends knew of their literary ambitions was the finished and published book. Nor was the author of *Pride and Prejudice* more loyal to her art, more womanly in her ideals, more genuinely shrinking in her modesty than this American girl, who has been content to know the world through a lattice window sometimes overhung with Virginia creeper, or garlanded with Southern roses. Yet the strength of great oaks is in her work too.

There is less known about Miss Glasgow's personal side than most other successful and representative American women story tellers for the very reason that she was brought up in a strict Southern home, where women were remote from the hum of business and where the art of gentle living was genuinely cultivated. Perhaps this helps to make her achievement all the more notable. Certainly it has contributed a very rare and refining influence to her work. The wonder grows that this shy, sensitive girl should have been able to write a book like *The Descendant* in her early teens, for it is a tale of large experiences and big emotions. Only a few members of her family knew that she was writing this book. She would shut herself up in her room every day, and later join the family at their pleasures and diversions. Finally she went to her father and said:

"Father, I have written a book."

He was not only surprised, but almost dumbfounded. Others were astonished, too, and it will be recalled that when this novel appeared anonymously there was wide speculation over the authorship. The general impression was that it had been written by a man, and by a man of training and experience, too. I merely cite this incident to show Miss Glasgow's early method. She had published two books before she was twenty. Then came her first great popular success, *The Voice of the People,* in which she was clothed in her right name.

It was in this book that she first really declared her creed, for it was a story of the new South, of the blending of the fine old blue aristocratic strain with the more virile redder blood of the present day. She preserved the flower of old romance and grafted to it a hardier root. The result was really a new Southern literature.

There is much about politics in this book. As it grew she found that it was necessary to describe a State convention. Women in Virginia seldom mixed in politics; that was always left to the men. The suffragete cloud had not yet appeared on the horizon of the Old Dominion. But being an artist, she wanted to have this convention reported correctly. She took her sister into her confidence, and they in turn consulted an ancient family friend. He was a delegate to an approaching convention, and through him they were smuggled on the stage, where they sat in a dark and obscure corner on one of the hottest of

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June days listening to a flood of Southern oratory no less fiery than the rays of the sun that beat on the tin roof. But she got the facts. When the story came out people marvelled at the accuracy of her descriptions and her knowledge of political conditions. Her sense of comprehension is little short of amazing. Had she gone into journalism she would have been a star reporter. The same is true of *The Battleground,* her war story. A celebrated British general recommended it to his men for reading, declaring that it was a remarkable analysis of civil war conditions.

Nothing is more characteristic of Miss Glasgow's feeling about American fiction than her approach to *The Wheel of Life.* Up to this time she had written mostly Southern stories and she had become as much identified with Virginia as Miss Wilkins with New England. She was regarded as the historian of a certain locality. She came to be referred to constantly as "a Southern writer." Now she was proud of all her Southern traditions and she came to them honestly. One day she said to me:

"I am going to write a novel of New York life."

"But why New York life when you know Virginia and the South so well?" I replied.

Instantly she answered:

"For the simple reason that art has no locality. It is universal. I do not believe that any writer should be confined to any particular locality."

She proved her point by writing a notable story of life in New York, and the only link it had with the South was one character, a young man who had come up from Virginia to make his way in the big city.

Having proved her point, she went back to the old scenes. That her insight had been quickened and her vision broadened she amply proved, first with *The Ancient Law,* and now with her new book, *The Romance of a Plain Man.* I venture the statement that no woman writing in America to-day has so sure a grasp of the new Southern conditions as Miss Glasgow. Instead of dabbling with an overthrown and broken regime whose chief pride perhaps was in its social prestige, she has dealt at first hand with big, vital, throbbing problems which the whole South has faced and is solving. Hers is the vision of big things.

It is really a strong man's work that she has cut out for herself, for it involves the mastery of the commercial and industrial awakening which means the restoration of the South's place in the whole undivided work of the nation.

Miss Glasgow comes to New York two or three times a year mainly to get a sense of contrast with the quiet conditions of her Virginia home. She has made many trips to Europe, but always manages to get back to Virginia to work. She lives in a square old white house on Main Street in Richmond. It is hemmed in by trees that cast shade over the soldiers of the Confederacy. Behind it is a garden where she walks and composes her story. Once more you get the touch of Jane Austen. She writes every morning and always behind a locked door. A door that is not locked has always given her a hint of possible intrusion. The only animate thing that has ever shared the comradeship of her work is her dog Joy. She writes rapidly and in a large masculine hand. In fact, her penmanship is no more effeminate than her work. Yet she has never lacked for sweetness of charm and lightness of touch where they were needed.

It is an old story, of course, that you can tell a man's or a woman's character by the few books they really love and keep beside them. On that little shelf where repose the volumes that Miss Glasgow loves and thumbs you will find Maeterlinck, Spinoza, Ruskin and the Bible. She has been tremendously interested for years in the literature of the Orient. There is a little brass Buddha on her desk and it has faithfully, if silently, supervised all her writing. If you will look carefully into what she has written you will find here and there the touch of Eastern mysticism, and the golden streak of East Indian philosophy.

There is something at once quickening and refreshing in a simple contemplation of Miss Glasgow's career. It seems a sort of thing apart in a time of blatant literary commercialism. Compared with "best selling" it is like contrasting a

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violet with a Kansas sunflower; the human note of a violin with the blare of a brass band.

Dignity and distinction have marked her life and her work. Neither is replete with thrilling human interest, anecdotes or soul-stirring opinions on favourite foods or flowers. But with all the modesty of a high art she has made her way and at the same time, made some literature.

*Isaac F. Marcosson.*

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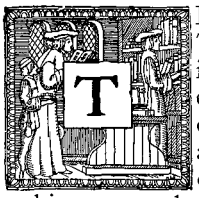
# WOMAN'S PROGRESS A COMPARISON OF CENTURIES



HE participation of Mrs. Taft and Mrs. Sherman in the Inauguration Procession at Washington on the 4th of March, and the fact of their doing so without provoking any adverse criticism, is a comment upon the position that women are now taking in public affairs. And yet this state of things has come about so gradually, it seems so natural that women should be keenly interested in public as well as domestic questions, that it is hard to realise that not so very long ago the interests of men and women and all that concerned their mental needs were considered to have nothing whatever in common.

It was in the eighteenth century that women first began to emerge from the seclusion of the home and to wield some influence in society as well as to take their place among the writers, philanthropists, and educators of their day. One of the first results of this state of things was the growth of a strong feeling among the more thoughtful women in favour of a better education for their sex. And no wonder, for it is perfectly amazing to read the views of even the most advanced instructors of that time. The text-books for girls were carefully edited, and their knowledge of "science" was to be limited to a few "popular and amusing facts," but in return for this intellectual emancipation they were strongly advised by the educational authorities of the time to avoid all disputes, to give up their opinions, even if they knew they were in the right, and finally (and in this all authorities, male and female, united as one man) never to allow it to be suspected that they knew anything or their matrimonial chances were gone forever.

It would be interesting to trace the steps by which the victim of such views as these developed into the college girl of to-day. Education may not have proved the universal panacea that all good Americans are inclined to think it, but surely the somewhat aggressive intelligence of the Smith or Vassar graduate is preferable to the insincere and conscious attitude recommended to women a hundred and fifty years ago. No higher tribute could be paid to the quality of the female mind than the fact that it has survived years of such stultifying training without being hopelessly deadened, and if a college education has not yet accomplished for women all that was expected of it, no one can deny its superiority to the methods of the eighteenth century.

It was against these methods that Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin protested energetically in her *Vindication of the Rights of Women,* a book which the modern suffragists would find entirely inadequate to their present demands. Mrs. Godwin was one of the first Englishwomen to resent the inferior position of her sex, and she pleaded earnestly, not for political equality—such a thing was undreamed of—but for an education for women which should develop their minds and elevate their understanding. The eternal advice to women to *seem* to be this, that, or the other, the limited nature and poor character of the education given them, their constant state of dependence upon some man—all this excited Mrs.

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Godwin's indignation, and her book is a demand for something better.

Although quite a different woman from Mrs. Godwin, Hannah More, too, deplored the existing unenlightened ideas on female education, declaring that "practical Mohammedanism prevailed" and that women were brought up as if devoid of mind or soul. Her efforts toward better things were not confined to her own class; she started Sunday-schools in the neglected district near which she lived, and was soon the centre of a system of classes, clubs, and the benevolent activities that now characterise a well-ordered parish. She even dabbled a little in politics, and a partial biographer records that a distribution of her poem "The Riot" prevented an attack on the mills from some striking colliers. Labour agitators are made of sterner stuff in these days and it takes more than a perusal of Mr. Steffens's or Miss Tarbell's magazine articles to divert them from their evil designs.

Hannah More was one of those conscientious women to whom, as a civilising influence, England owes more than can ever be definitely ascertained. To us, the methods of her time seem simplicity itself. The submissive attitude of the poor toward the gentry made it an easier matter to instruct them than in our day and country, where no pressure can be brought to bear upon them, but that docility must have been more than counterbalanced by their dense stupidity, against which cleverer reformers than Hannah More have dashed themselves in vain. But when we consider the expensive and elaborate paraphernalia now considered necessary for the relief of poverty and the instruction of ignorance, Hannah More's schools and clubs seem worthy of high praise.

Improving works were not the only sign of female literary talent in the eighteenth century. The appearance of Miss Burney's novel *Evelina* caused a veritable sensation, and we read with some surprise of Edmund Burke's delight in it, of Sheridan's dreading to find a rival in the author, and of Sir Joshua Reynolds sitting up all night to finish it. The book was published anonymously, for in those days "female delicacy" was such that it was supposed to shrink at the bare idea of publicity, though in reality Fanny Burney was as pleased as possible by her fame. Perhaps it was only failure that the women of that day feared, for they always enjoyed any praise that their work received. This timidity has continued among some of the later English writers, women, the excellence of whose work needed no shelter. No masculine pseudonym was necessary to ensure to the books of George Eliot and Lucas Malet the instant appreciation of people of discernment. Decorum reigned in those bygone days, sharing its supremacy with what was called "elegance," by which was meant a false and stilted style. Such a book as *Three Weeks* would have been impossible then, but so would *The House of Mirth* and *The Wages of Sin*. Perhaps we have gained as much as we have lost.

In those days the woman who read and who talked well succeeded in gathering about her a society of intelligent men and women—she was sought by the clever men of her day, not shunned. Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu of Blue Stocking fame was such a woman. The only thing of any importance that she ever wrote was her Essay on Shakespeare, a reply to Voltaire's attack on that poet. At this day it hardly seems as if Shakespeare needed defence from Mrs. Montagu, but the work was considered very fine and was highly commended by many authorities, although Dr. Johnson, always a severe critic of women's productions, declared that while it did Mrs. Montagu honour, it would have done nobody else honour. Many a literary woman of today would be at a loss as to her opinions on Shakespeare, and not one in twenty could write any kind of a defence of him, although she would be ready with a paper on "Dante and the Poetic Principle," "Keats's Inheritance from the Greek Dramatists," or "The Poems of William Blake in Relation to His Art."

Such women as Mrs. Thrale and Mrs. Montagu needed only the charm of their conversation to bring around them the men of talent and genius of their day. Now the woman desirous of a brilliant *entourage* resorts to more indiscriminate modes of procedure, which too often de-

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feat themselves, the socialistic lion and the literary lamb finding themselves incapable of lying down peacefully together. Be that as it may, the literary women of that time really recognised and enjoyed good talk, and the celebrated Blue Stocking Club was their protest against the excessive card-playing of that day and the result of their effort after something better. That men like Dr. Johnson, Horace Walpole, Garrick, and Edmund Burke frequented Mrs. Montagu's drawing-rooms was a proof that they enjoyed what they found there, not that they were enticed thither as bait for smaller fry. Whatever may be the superiority in creative ability of the modern literary woman, it is a fact that as an assembler of talent she is unable to do what seems to have been an easy matter to her predecessor, and her attempts at anything like a *salon* are doomed to failure so long as she is unable to discriminate between fame and notoriety, or ability and pretence.

In those happy days literature was the pursuit of the few, none read save those who enjoyed it. Now the fountains of culture are unsealed and some very arid pastures watered thereby, the direction of the streams being often confided to strange hands. A list of the lectures to which most of us are asked to take tickets during the winter makes us wonder if there was ever a time when a little knowledge went so far. Lectures on Dante by women ignorant of Italian, talks on "The Poets of Ireland" by young persons who never heard of James Mangan, and "Hours with the French Dramatists" by cautious *litterateurs* who seldom venture beyond the safe harbour of Racine and Molière, give reasonable ground for the belief that never has there been a time when the utterances of ignorance obtained such a respectful hearing.

We may reassure ourselves. The overpraised mediocrities of the present day have their counterpart of the eighteenth century in Miss Anna Seward, fondly called by her friends "The Swan of Lichfield." Nothing could be worse than her poetry except her criticisms, and to them she joined that fatal facility that has been the destruction of many more gifted women. The literary fetish of those days was "elegance," which meant the use of long words instead of short ones, and a maddening habit of never saying anything directly. A poetess was "Apollo's daughter," the moon, "mild luminary of the midnight sky," and a mysterious quality called "soft sensibility" was made the test of what was genteelly alluded to as "female elegance." Miss Seward's critical powers consisted of an unbounded capacity for seizing upon mediocrity and lauding it to the skies, and yet Dr. Johnson, who generally had little mercy upon women's achievements, paid her a high compliment upon her "Ode on the Death of Captain Cook," a compliment which was not returned, as Miss Seward elegantly proclaimed that "envy was the bosom serpent of this literary despot."

But this forced and unreal style of writing could not last, and with the dawn of a new century things began to mend. Miss Edgeworth freed herself from her father's influence, began to look about her and to describe what she saw, and, instead of writing foolish books on the education of children, produced *Castle Rackrent,* one of the classics of our language. In 1811 *Sense and Sensibility* appeared, the first of those six, all-too-short novels, which have given Jane Austen a supremacy which bids fair never to be disputed. The book dealt the death blow to the quality of sensibility, which has never raised its head since that day. Fanny Burney lived to see the appearance of these books as well as those of Miss Ferrier, and to witness the beginnings of a feminine authorship that was to include the rugged strength of Charlotte Brontë and the deep insight of George Eliot. We wonder if the contrast ever struck her.

Novels are mirrors, reflecting the manners, fashions, and opinions of their day. We glance regretfully at the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Montagu and her friend Mrs. Vesey, thronged with the best society of the time, conscious that in this respect we cannot compete with those days, but there can be no doubt that in general intelligence, education, and good judgment, the women of to-day have the advantage over those of two hundred years ago. *Mary K. Ford.*

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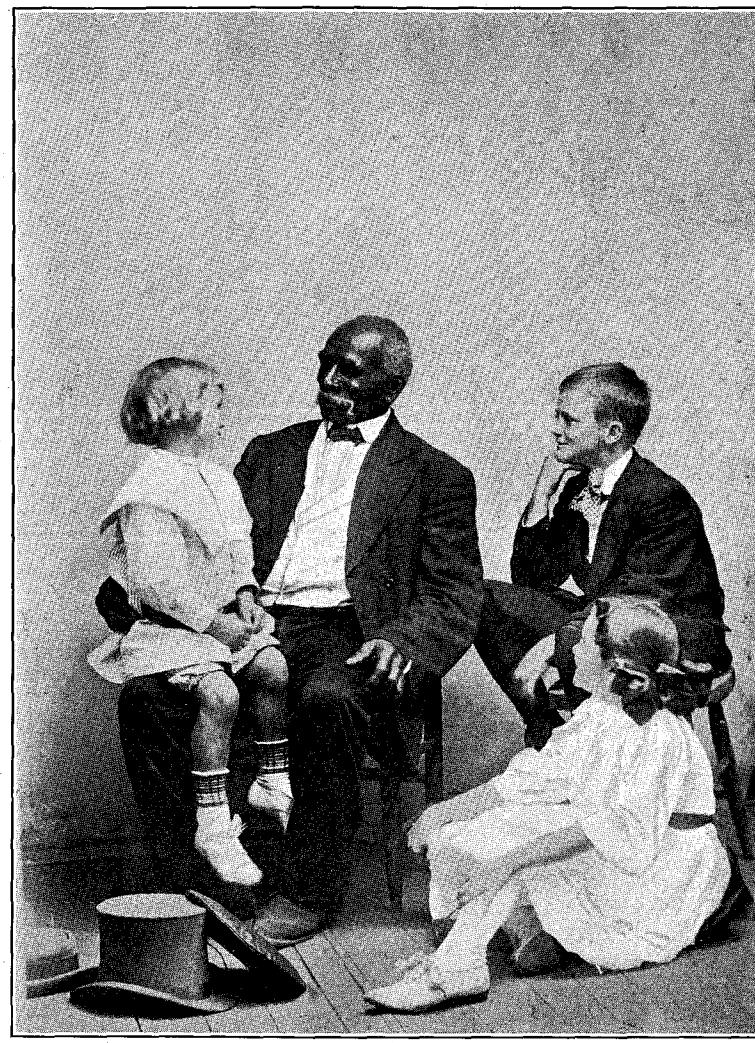
# STORY TELLING—OLD AND NEW



THE OLD WAY

Specialisation—even in how to amuse children—has not yet reached Virginia, where Uncle William still tells wonderful tales to "ole marster's gran'-chillun." His stories are anything that may come into his mind from the glory of "our fam'ly befo' de wah" to the fine intelligence of "Mr. Rabbit" and the vast wit of "Brer Fox"

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THE NEW WAY

In striking contrast is the "story-hour" of the New York Public Library, where a trained story-teller "reads" a carefully chosen story to a group of boys and girls. In selecting her story she considers the nationality of the children who are to hear it—their present environment and the probable influence of the story. In this picture Italian children of the lower West Side are shown

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# A REMINISCENCE OF DE MARTENS

**De Martens and Vambéry**

The recent death of the Russian jurist, Dr. Frederick de Martens, who was called "the Chief Justice of Christendom," suggests a little passage of arms between De Martens and the showy Hungarian, Arminius Vambéry. It took place seventeen years ago during the tercentenary celebration of the University of Dublin. One of the most interesting functions was the delivery of addresses to the University by eminent scholars from other countries. Those who represented universities of a particular country selected a speaker to represent them, and he made a brief oration on behalf of his learned compatriots. It befell that Professor de Martens, then of the University of St. Petersburg, was chosen to speak for the Russian universities, while Vambéry, who was Professor of Oriental Languages at the University of Budapest, was selected by his colleagues of the Austro-Hungarian institutions of learning. Now Vambéry had for some years been issuing pamphlets and magazine articles intending to create and foster a hatred of Russia among Englishmen. He was, in fact, like most Hungarians, a Russophobe, and he wielded a vigorous pen. His knowledge of English was perfect, and in this he resembled his famous countryman Kossuth, whose eloquence was florid and oriental, in fact almost tropical in the fire of its delivery and the abundance of striking imagery which seemed to crowd upon his brain whenever he harangued an audience. The professors and students of the University of Dublin are more English than the English themselves, representing the fine old Tory type of Englishman which is full of prejudices and relegates reason to a secondary place.

Hence there was a sort of flutter of excitement when it was seen that Vambéry and De Martens were both to speak. While, of course, academic courtesy would prevent any direct allusion by one to the other, nevertheless, it was felt that a sort of oratorical duel was imminent. When Vambéry took the platform, he was a very striking figure, wearing that peculiar costume which belongs to the Hungarian universities—half military and half academic, with jack-boots and a rainbow of gorgeous colours descending to his spurs. He began to speak at concert pitch. He poured out a flood of impassioned oratory, highly coloured and delivered with a resonant and aggressive voice. To hear him was like listening to the bursting of a dam, and he went on for some fifteen or twenty minutes. It was a strange sort of an oration to be delivered within the walls of a university, both in manner and in matter. While he said nothing about Russia, he did say a number of things which might be viewed as aimed at Russia—praises of liberty and self-government mingled with denunciations of autocracy. When he had finished he was hugely applauded. It was a hard task that was cut out for Professor de Martens when he took the platform. He was a quiet, unobtrusive figure. His knowledge of English was not a rhetorical knowledge; and he represented a nation which was detested by many of those present. Every one was sure that he would cut a pitiable figure after the florid and popular Vambéry. He stood a moment before speaking, and the silence was like that of death. Then he began in somewhat hesitating, conversational tones. He said:

> When I left St. Petersburg, the Rector of the University said to me: "Do not talk too much. Do not try to make long speeches; for you are going to a nation where they make the best speeches, just as they do the best work."

Such was his simple exordium, and yet in these few words he ahd knocked Vambéry into a cocked hat. The quiet modesty of the Russian was in refreshing contrast to the noisy, boisterous declamation of the Hungarian. It appealed to the British love of the Sensible as against the Theatrical. Furthermore, by a subtle implication, he had intimated that Vambéry was nothing but a talker,

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while at the same time he had conveyed a delicate compliment to his hosts. He spoke only a few sentences more, containing words of congratulation, and then he took his seat. The neatness of the whole thing won the hearts of his audience completely. The building fairly rocked with applause, and even the Jingo students roared forth cheer after cheer until this grave academic function seemed likely to be broken up. It was an extraordinary personal triumph for De Martens, who was then but little known outside of Russia; but who became in time the greatest international lawyer in the world.

*Harry Thurston Peck.*

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# THE MERRIWOLD DRAMATISTS

HY is it that so many great American plays have been written at Merriwold?" asked some one of William C. De Mille, the author of *The Warrens of Virginia.*

"I don't know that the plays written there are so great," modestly replied Mr. De Mille, "but it's a great place to write plays."

Merriwold hides itself away in the forest at the foot of the Catskills, but it is fast becoming famous as the birthplace of popular American dramas; and that Mr. De Mille is right in his remark one feels when one remembers that it has been fairly well settled that the best plays are those in which smiles are mixed with tears. Now in cool, calm, quiet Merriwold, the blithe maples with their bright leaves fluttering in the sunshine suggest the smiles, and the dark background of pines gives the tragic touch; so that all the dramatist has to do is to sit and look and listen, and the scenario and the lines come to him out of the woods like pet squirrels.

This idea may seem a bit far-fetched, but when one considers the long list of successful dramas that have come out of Merriwold, it really looks as though there was something in it besides moonshine. For example, it was at Merriwold that Charles Klein's *Music Master* was first given form and shape. The preparation of this play was, indeed, a lesson in simplicity. Here, in his little one-story shack, Mr. Klein needed nothing more than a chair, a table and a typewriter, plus the inspiration of Merriwold, to produce a play that set the world's heart beating as though it were dosed with digitalis; and here also were written his *Lion and the Mouse* and *Daughters of Men.* Some of the scenes of luxury and magnificence shown in the home of the trust master or of the tricky

WILLIAM C. DE MILLE

Author of *Strongheart* and *The Genius*

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MARTHA MORTON

Author of *The Senator*, *The Bachelor's Romance*, and *The Illusion of Beatrice*

man of wealth, who stole the poor fiddler's daughter, were evolved out of this simple sylvan atmosphere, where every prospect pleases and only the curious, lion-hunting summer visitor is vile. When Mr. Klein was asked how he managed to fill in all these luxurious scenes while he sat and wrote in the wild woodland, he said:

"Oh, that's easy! There's all kinds of rich tapestries and soft carpets and fine furniture out there." He waved his hand toward the forest deeps. "The woods are full of them. And as for pictures, I can see about a million dollars' worth from that window."

Klein, as shown in his plays, is a curious mixture of the practical and the spiritual, as, indeed, was one Shakespeare, formerly admired as a dramatist. For one thing, Klein is a firm believer in Christian Science. That this is not known to everybody was evidenced one day when a woman visitor to Merriwold let fly a few sharp shafts at Mrs. Eddy and her disciples while other visitors and residents, among them Mr. Klein, sat and listened.

"It's a cult," the woman declared, "that hasn't drawn in many of the intellectual. For example, imagine a man like Mr. Klein there taking up Christian Science."

"That's easily imagined," said the author of *The Music Master* quietly.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the doubting woman. "Why in the world do you say so?"

"Because," said the literary leader of Merriwold, with a smile, "I am one of those same benighted beings whom you have just been decrying so eloquently."

"Oh, you don't mean it, Mr. Klein—you're joking," insisted the visitor.

"No, it's a solemn fact," declared the playwright. "Furthermore, I am free to confess that Christian Science has made me what I am, if I am anything."

The woman began to talk about wild flowers.

It was at Merriwold that William C. De Mille wrote *Strongheart*, *The Genius* and *Classmates*. De Mille did most of his writing in a tent, half-concealed among the trees. Like Klein, De Mille does not require elaborate furnishings to stimulate his fancy. In fact, those in his tent were crude and few. The well-known playwright delights in simple surroundings. The only "copy" he could possibly have gotten out of anything in that tent was the cheaply furnished studio scene in *The Genius*, for the pangs of hunger might well be suggested by the bare little interior if not by the fact that Mr. De Mille while living there always

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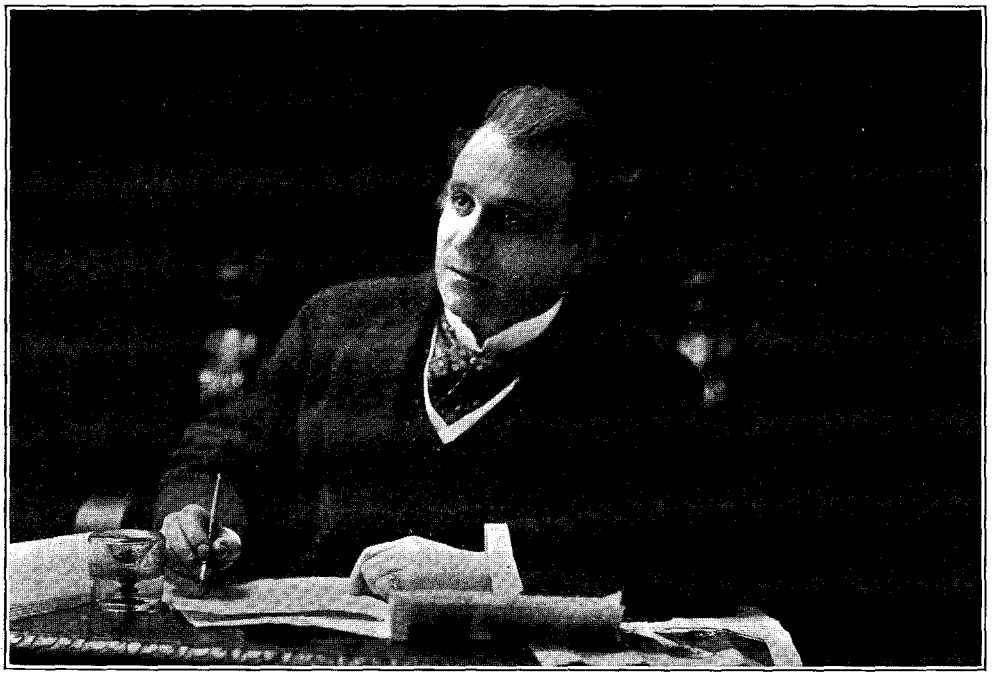

CHARLES KLEIN

Author of *The Music Master*, *The Lion and the Mouse*, and *The Daughters of Men*

takes his meals at a neighbouring boarding-house.

Not far from the Klein workshop, or playshop, is the cottage of J. I. C. Clarke, and it was here, under the ministrations of the Klein physician and the Clarke midwife, that *Heartsease* was born and where the agonised cry of the plundered opera-writer, "My song, my song!"—so effectively flung over the footlights in the deep twang of Henry Miller—first echoed to the world. It was here, too, that Mr. Clarke wrote *Bonnie Prince Charlie* and *The Prince of India*.

Between Clarke, Klein and De Mille there exists a social confidence, coupled with a readiness of helpful suggestion, that makes play-writing a sort of pastime rather than the dull drudgery that many dramatists seem to find it. I hold that no man ever wrote a great poem, a great story or a great play all alone, and this theory has ample proof in the experience of the Merriwold playwrights. Here, in the brisk talk about the work in hand, flint flicks upon steel and the flashy tow is ignited. Nor has there been lacking at Merriwold that feminine complement which makes for perfection in this world of ours. Not far from the Clarke cottage is "The Mansion," so named because of its ornate appointments, where, in a sunlit study, daintily decorated and furnished, Martha Morton set to work upon her *Bachelor's Romance*. Nothing about bachelors is suggested in this pretty den, so redolent and reflective of the mistress of the place, but that the bright playwright knew bachelors and their ways and could make them live vividly upon the stage is not to be gainsaid. From this den came forth *The Senator*, William H. Crane's favourite play, and *The Illusions of Beatrice*, in which Maude Fealey starred so successfully.

In another cottage, among the trees, lived and laboured Margaret Turnbull, a clever dramatic writer, who assisted Mr. De Mille in the preparation of *Classmates*.

Among the Merriwold dramatists life is taken seriously for half the day only. In the morning they sit aloof in their

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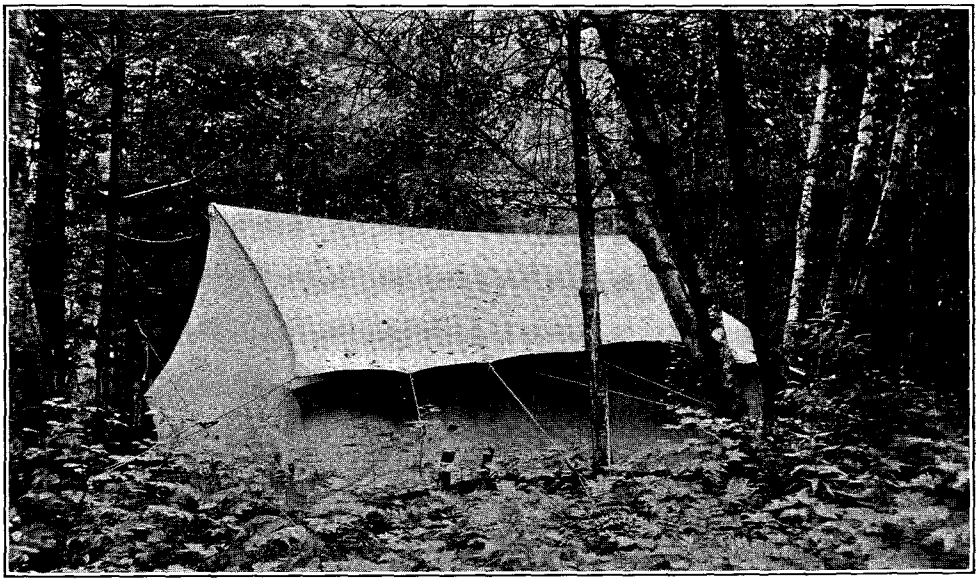

THE BIRTHPLACE OF "STRONGHEART" AND "THE GENIUS"

dens and dream and plot and plod, but in the afternoons they get into their bathing suits or take down the fishing-tackle and make for the lake, which is near by and very bathable and fishable. Or they gather at the tennis court, where De Mille, Klein and others bang the ball, and the summer visitors look on and laugh and shout gleefully—quite the appropriate thing to do at Merriwold. At tennis De Mille, who is an all-round athlete, generally beats Klein, who is a small man, with no great reach of racquet. Once in a tournament *Strongheart* was so wonderfully victorious that *The Music Master* threw down his racquet in evident disgust and chagrin.

"Here's where your Science should help you," suggested a looker-on to Mr. Klein.

"Oh, it does—it does!" declared Klein, with an effort at calming his ruffled feelings. "If I weren't a Scientist you might hear something from me just now that wouldn't sound very polite. But I don't care—I can play the 'cello, and De Mille can't."

Coming from a musical race, Mr. Klein *can* play the 'cello, and he plays it divinely, at least so the young women of Merriwold declare, and they all lionise him for this, but more because of his literary leadership in the place.

But there are no jealousies at Merriwold—it is a true literary democracy, where the humblest may sit with the highest and where a lot of light banter is given and taken in the best of spirit. If this were not so, exception might have been taken to a clever local skit, written by Mr. De Mille, which made at Merriwold its first and only appearance upon any stage. This skit was based upon the contention among the property-owners there over a plot that had been dedicated as a common. A great deal of ridicule, occult to outsiders, was made of the dedication, and in the play everything and everybody were "dedicated," even to a child that appeared and spoke one line and went off again; and when one of the actors accidentally fell he was assisted to his feet by the leading funny man who, with his wits about him, solemnly dedicated the particular spot of the falling.

When *The Lion and the Mouse* went out upon the road Mr. Klein did not receive his reports of its success very promptly, and he became nervous, anticipating trouble.

"Oh, the play is going all right," De Mille tried to assure him. "No news is good news."

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"Perhaps," replied Klein, "but I won't be satisfied until I hear that every seat in the house is taken but one."

"Which one?" asked De Mille curiously.

"The one behind the post. Nobody wants that."

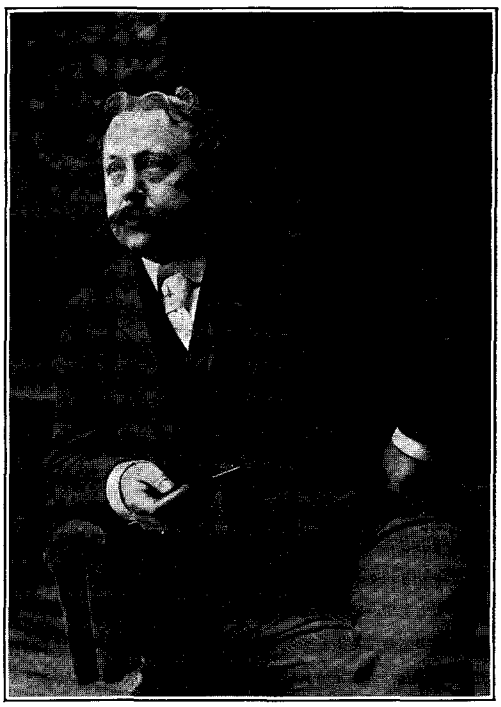
"Well, if it was a glass post and it could be seen through it would be all right," said De Mille.

"Yes," mused Klein. "It would have to be glass or rubber."

This sample just shows how lightly serious matters are taken at Merriwold. But there have been tragic affairs there, too, as when Mrs. Henry George died and no clergyman could be found to conduct the funeral ceremony. At last Mr. Klein was appealed to and he officiated in a manner that reflected great credit upon him. Particularly effective were his readings from the Bible, the selections being very appropriate and impressively delivered in the playwright's clear, strong voice.

This reference to Mrs. George leads me to another chapter of Merriwold history which, perhaps, should have been presented before: Merriwold was originally a Single-Tax Colony, the site being chosen for the Manhattan Single-Tax Club in 1889 by Henry George and Louis F. Post. Mr. George built a cottage there, which is now occupied every summer by Henry George, Jr., whose sister is the wife of Mr. De Mille. The junior George's wife is the sister of Mrs. Jokichi Takamine, the mistress of the most pretentious house in the place, a beautiful summer residence of purely Japanese architecture. This house, originally the Kioto home of the Mikado, was presented to Dr. Takamine, who is a native of Japan, in recognition of his services to humanity as a scientist. Dr. and Mrs. Takamine entertain most charmingly at Sho-Fu-Den (Maple-Pine Villa), as the place is called, and there the dramatists and their friends may be found of a summer evening in gay social converse. It was at Sho-Fu-Den that the De Mille skit was performed to an audience that highly appreciated the local allusions. Here, in this rich Japanese interior, the Merriwold literary colony loves to sip its tea and refresh its artistic soul with sights that take the writers far away from their work and themselves, which is very good for the writer man after the day's tiresome struggle of brain and nerves. Among those good friends of the Takamines who have been entertained at Sho-Fu-Den are Carl Venth, the composer, Harry P. Mawson, the theatrical manager, Captain and Mrs. Samuel Edgar Darby, while the list of casual summer visitors that have enjoyed the hospitality of the place is a long one.

Another house to which the literary



J. I. C. CLARKE

Author of *Bonnie Prince Charlie* and the dramatisation of General Lew Wallace's *The Prince of India*

ones repair of an evening is that of Mr. and Mrs. E. Yancey Cohen. Mr. Cohen is well known as a disciple of Henry George and a teacher of his theories. He was among the first summer dwellers at Merriwold. He is a writer upon economic subjects and is a particular friend of Henry George, Jr., whom he made the hero of a Greek comedy, the reading of which made still merrier the merry folk of the village.

The Merriwold folk revel in the out-

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MERRIWOLD, THE CALL OF THE FOREST

door life and are seen walking about bareheaded and getting the good of the piney air. At times the visitors are given rare literary treats, as when one of the dramatists reads an act from a play that has not yet seen the stage. When Mr. Clarke read the dramatisation of *The Prince of India* to his Merriwold friends, it was in a natural theatre formed by the overhanging branches of the trees near his house. The strongly dramatic scenes were applauded by those occupying boxes and orchestra seats, otherwise logs and rocks, and the free-pass claquers

THE BIRTHPLACE OF "THE PRINCE OF INDIA" AND ITS AUTHOR

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were so vigorous and insistent in their plaudits that Mr. Clarke had to pause many times in his reading. At last he said with a pleased smile:

"If the play goes like this when it is presented I'm afraid the police will interfere."

Myra Kelley has rested her wings in this village and so have many other well-known writers. But to the dramatists belong the honours of long residence, for Charles Klein has worked there for ten summers and J. I. C. Clarke, William De Mille and others have been labouring and loitering there for years. Truly, so far as the writing of plays is concerned, it has been a place of large performance, and if in contemplating such a Helicon one may be permitted to stoop to sordid considerations, it may be mentioned that much wealth has come to the Merriwold dramatists, Mr. Klein alone being reputed to have pocketed, or perhaps it were more fitly proportionate to say sacked, over half a milion dollars. So that Merriwold inspiration has meant money, and I would advise those playwrights who have found managers cold and actors chary to go to Merriwold, sit on a log and let the woodland fays bring big ideas and noble plots to them out of the forest. This sitting in dull urban dens and looking down upon brick perspectives is stale, flat and unprofitable. For while men, for inscrutable reasons of their own, love the city, the Muse loves it not. You dramatist of many pigeon holed plays, rouse yourself, pawn your watch if need be and buy a ticket to Merriwold.

*Bailey Millard.*

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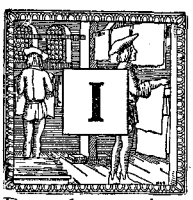
# MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

"The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London Bridge, his frequent way—
They little knew what man he was."



IT was as long ago as 1848 that a United States consul at Santa Cruz suggested a doubt as to Shakespeare's authorship of the plays which bear his name. But the notion that Lord Bacon wrote them came originally from Miss Delia Bacon eight years later; and although one William Henry Smith is sometimes credited with this doubtful honour, the lady, by reason both of her name and of the mental condition revealed by her insanity and death in 1859, may wear it the more appropriately. No profundity of learning is required to confute this crazy hypothesis; yet it is revived afresh at frequent intervals and much futile breath is wasted upon it. Judge Holmes, Mr. Edwin Reed and Mrs. Henry Pott have all been busily engaged in digging up evidence in its behalf—evidence which often seems impressive to those unskilled in the principles of literary criticism. More convincing still to such are the cryptogramic labours of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly. This is a process to which the Bible has often been subjected with marvellous results. Now comes Mr. William Stone Booth, fortunately described as "of Cambridge but not of Harvard," who has produced for our delectation a collection of "signatures" in the form of acrostics* which the amiably credulous will doubtless receive as proof absolute that William Shakespeare was none other than Francis Bacon. It was by the same kind of reasoning that the Scarlet Woman was identified with the Church of Rome by pious Protestants.

If Shakespeare is really to be deprived of his laurels it must be by a different way than this. Such a way is indicated by Mr. Greenwood, a member of Parliament and a London barrister of repute,

*Some Acrostic Signatures of Francis Bacon Baron Verulam of Verulam, Viscount St. Albans. Together with Some Others. By William Stone Booth. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

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who argues, without accepting the Baconian hypothesis, that William Shakespeare the player and William Shakespeare the poet were two different men altogether.* To this Canon Beeching has replied with equal brevity and force,† compelling Mr. Greenwood in turn to defend his position.‡ Then comes Mr. Clemens, in a strange digression from his usual paths, insisting that Mr. Greenwood is right and with a ferocity quite out of keeping with his genial reputation berating the scholars who deny the sufficiency of Mr. Greenwood's evidence. They are "Stratfordolaters, Shakesperoids, bangalores, thugs, troglodytes, herumfrodites, blatherskites, buccaneers, bandoleers"—a nice derangement of epitaphs! Must the subject be discussed in the spirit of John Dennis? It would be easy to retort in kind and to ridicule the qualifications of "Mark Twain" for participating in the discussion.§ And he is not even funny when he loses his temper. Yet what an occasion for humour the whole foolish, futile controversy offers! Consider how many sweeping assumptions the theory that Shakespeare was not Shakespeare involves. Even the *advocatus diaboli* has been constrained to admit that such a tremendous literary hoax could not have been perpetrated without confederates. The fact that the great man who had been Solicitor General, Attorney General and Lord Chancellor, who had held a conspicuous place at Court, who had written the *Advancement of Learning* and the *Novum Organum,* was also the author of the most successful plays of his time could not have been so thoroughly concealed that no one suspected the truth until more than two centuries after his death. Furthermore, the contemporary allusions to Shakespeare as the author are abundant and convincing. Actors and managers, critics like Meres, dramatists like Jonson and poets like Barnfield, all must have joined in keeping the great secret. And the chief conspirator of them all was Jonson.

Less audacious frauds than this have been disclosed by some revelation, conscious or unconscious, on the part of the plotters. If, then, Bacon or any one but Shakespeare was the author of the plays that go by Shakespeare's name, those who conspired to deceive the world must have left some loophole through which the truth may be discerned. There have been many attempts at literary anonymity in our own time. In some cases no one has been particularly concerned to penetrate the disguise. *The Letters of Junius* is perhaps the most conspicuous case in English literature in which any doubt as to the authorship exists, and here the doubt is hardly to be considered reasonable. Certainly it is inconceivable that a man of Bacon's eminence could have covered his tracks so completely. The evidence that he wrote the plays may be external, or internal, or both. The external evidence may be both pro and con. The internal evidence must be conclusive. In other words, unless the external evidence contradicts it beyond the shadow of a doubt, the internal evidence is sufficient. A writer may change his kind of work, his method, even his style, to a certain point; but there still remains some flavour of his personality; his speech bewrayeth him. If we are to say, from the internal evidence, that the author of the *Essays* wrote *Hamlet* we may say with equal credibility that Newman wrote *The History of England* attributed to Macaulay, or that Mr. Andrew Lang wrote the novels ascribed to Robert Louis Stevenson. Indeed, a very good case might be made out for the latter hypothesis; Mr. Lang's versatility is so remarkable that it has already been argued that his name stands for a syndicate. There is nothing in the character of Bacon or in his admitted writings to show that he was the creator of Juliet and Viola, Othello and Macbeth; on the contrary, there is everything in both to show the contrary. That is one reason why no competent student of literature—no "bangalore" or "troglodyte," in Mark

*The Shakespeare Problem Restated. By Granville G. Greenwood, M.P. New York: John Lane Company.

†William Shakespeare: Player, Playmaker and Poet. By H. C. Beeching, Litt.D. New York: John Lane Company.

‡*In re* Shakespeare: Beeching *versus* Greenwood. By C. C. Greenwood, M.P. New York: John Lane Company.

§Is Shakespeare Dead? From My Autobiography. By Mark Twain. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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Twain's choice language—has ever taken seriously the Baconian theory. But to those Peter Bells to whom a book is a book and nothing more, who do not understand what style is, the internal evidence is meaningless.

If, however, we disregard this internal evidence, conclusive though it be, and turn to the external evidence in the case, we are confronted by a vast superstructure of assumption based upon a very insecure foundation of doubt. So much of it as may be derived from the labours of Mr. Booth needs no analysis. One is reminded of the familiar retort of Sydney Smith to the stranger who rushed up to him saying, "Mr. Robinson, I believe?" "Sir," replied Smith, "if you believe that you will believe anything." If one believes that Bacon, after concealing so carefully from all the world the fact that he wrote the noblest plays in the language, by a conspiracy of silence without a parallel in literature, deliberately revealed his authorship in a series of acrostics one will believe anything. Nor is this all. Jonson's lines *To the Reader* in the First Folio are cited as equally containing Bacon's name; and, of course, he wrote his longer tribute to his dead friend with his tongue in his cheek. Now one trouble with this kind of evidence is that it proves too much. A former reader of riddles of the sort has succeeded in showing that Bacon also wrote the plays of Marlowe. Using Mr. Booth's scheme of counting, you may easily broaden still further the scope of his activities; it has already been pointed out that by this token he wrote the poems of Dryden. In fact, almost any literary masquerade may be detected by these too simple means. I think that I could show, for example, that the same hand wrote *The Anatomy of Melancholy* and *The Broken Heart*. And surely, if the Baconian claims are pressed much further it will be necessary to show who wrote the works that go by Bacon's name. Or may we not borrow the scepticism of Mrs. Betsey Prig? and say, "I don't believe there's no sich a person!" Let us not forget how conclusively Whately proved that Napoleon was a myth.

That there might have been two William Shakespeares, one a player and one a poet, as Mr. Greenwood contends, is at least a proposition which may be argued with a straight face. Yet it, too, rests upon too slender a basis to be considered with any great seriousness. Much stress is laid upon the gaps in our knowledge of Shakespeare, as if this were a surprising or suspicious circumstance. Mark Twain modestly observes that Shakespeare was not as well known as he is. As a matter of fact the actual sum of undoubted information concerning Shakespeare—excluding all inference or assumption—is greater than in the case of almost any other man of letters of his time. Ben Jonson is an exception; but there are special reasons for this. Marlowe, Massinger, Webster, Ford, Chapman, Fletcher, Dekker—all are well-nigh shadows in comparison with the figure of the owner of New Place and substantial citizen of Stratford-on-Avon. But it is even sought to turn this argument against him. How could one who had sounded all the depths and shoals of passion, who was of imagination all compact, whose spirit had been finely touched to fine issues—how could such an one play the part of the successful manager, the prudent business man, the country landholder? The contradiction is more imaginary than real. It exists mainly in the minds of those who fancy that a man of genius must be incapable of ordinary common sense or self-control—that he must be a spendthrift or a dreamer, or perhaps drink himself to death. But in the very lucidity and luminousness of what Shakespeare wrote, in the very order and restraint which differentiate his plays from those of so many of his contemporaries, there is testimony to the balanced sanity of the man himself.

To deal with this subject point by point would be to write another life of Shakespeare. The facts are amply and convincingly narrated in such a volume as Mr. Sidney Lee's, which has just appeared in a revised edition.* Mr. Lee has found five new contemporary references to Shakespeare since the first edition was published, and these he sets forth in a new preface. The most inter-

*A Life of William Shakespeare. By Sidney Lee. New and Revised Edition. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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esting of them is that which shows him as having joined with Burbage in designing an "impresa" or semi-heraldic pictorial badge, with motto attached, for the sixth Earl of Rutland. Another reveals fresh facts concerning his residence in London. None of them is of the first importance. Yet every link in a chain of evidence which it is sought to break is to be welcomed. It is not without significance that each new discovery tells against those who attack Shakespeare's name and fame. Of such testimony as his contemporaries offer one can only dispose by applying to them a short and ugly word. They, too, entered deliberately into a deception for which there was neither reason nor excuse. "I loved the man and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any." Jonson's familiar tribute was a rare piece of hypocrisy; this is the only conclusion the theory that Shakespeare was not Shakespeare permits us to draw.

Nor is it worth while to enter into such questions as the knowledge of law displayed in the Shakespearian dramas. This point has been dwelt upon as a strong argument for the Baconian hypothesis. As a matter of fact there are errors in the use of legal terms such as a layman might easily make, but not a lawyer. Besides, were there no errors it would prove nothing. Anthony Trollope might be regarded as a barrister or Mr. Kipling as an engineer with equal provocation. It is no unusual thing for an author to turn to good use a mere smattering of a subject. Other errors in the plays are such as Bacon, of all men, would never have made. They are, however, precisely the kind of errors which an eager, inquiring intelligence, a man of quick observation and considerable reading, but without an extended or systematic education, might be expected to make. Furthermore, whoever wrote the plays was a master of stagecraft, acquired by a varied practical experience. This is so conclusive an argument against the Baconians that they are driven to the assumption that some actor "worked them over" after Bacon had written them. If this were so, who would the actor be but William Shakespeare, under whose name they were acted and published? The best we can do for the Lord Chancellor, therefore, is a Beaumont and Fletcher arrangement; and this is about as likely as the collaboration of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Pinero. Mr. Greenwood's notion that Shakespeare the actor and Shakespeare the dramatist were different men is made equally futile by the same considerations. We must not let the changes in methods of stage presentation blind us to the extraordinary technical skill which the writer of these plays everywhere shows. If he was not William Shakespeare, who was he? No one has yet furnished an answer to that inquiry which will endure investigation. It may well be dismissed now as a case of much ado about nothing.

Three of Mr. Swinburne's introductions to Shakespeare's plays have been published in the rather ambitiously named Library of Living Thought.* The poet's vice as a critic is, of course, his intemperate exaggeration and his superabundant use of the superlative. Yet there is a sound and noble enthusiasm in his appreciation of the great Elizabethans; and these essays will help the reader weary of controversy to forget all but the supreme genius of the greatest of them. And to the student the little *Pocket Lexicon*† which has been added to The Temple Shakespeare will be worth more than whole libraries of anagrams and acrostics.

*Edward Fuller.*

*Three Plays of Shakespeare. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. New York: Harper and Brothers.

†A Pocket Lexicon and Concordance to the Temple Shakespeare. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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# THREE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

## I

### Hapgood's "An Anarchist Woman"*

They seem very actual, the characters in this book, and if they never, precisely, existed outside the author's mind it is a mere oversight of nature which she will presently amend. There is no reason why a girl of the slums should not be just such a combination of Marie Bashkirtseff, Manon Lescaut, Hedda Gabler and Helene von Dönniges—to take at random a few of her literary forebears. Her mother was half-German, half-French, often hysterical; her father a German machinist generally drunk. Sensuality, neurasthenia, a potential talent too weak to work, insatiable egoism given to what may be called auto-poetry or self-crooning (private lyrics of one's peculiar soul not necessarily musical but imagining a very musical applause), and above all much hit-or-miss reading of writings reputed extreme—and you have Marie the heroine, or, rather, a considerable part of her, for she is too good a literary or natural product to equal any such bare list of qualities. One thing she certainly is not and that is a mere "anarchist woman," and Mr. Hapgood does the book some injustice in his preface when he says:

> It represents an effort to throw light on what may be called the temperament of revolt; by portraying the mental life of an individual, and incidentally of more than one individual, I have hoped to make more clear the natural history of the anarchist; to show under what conditions, in connection with what personal qualities, the anarchistic habit of mind arises, and to point out, suggestively, rather than explicitly, the nature, the value, and the tragic limitation of the social rebel.

Marie's relations with the anarchist movement were incidental. Any excitable artistic male might have done as much for her soul as the anarchist dreamer Terry with whom she fell in love. "Social rebel" is too narrow a term for such an epicure of emotion. Humdrum was the enemy, not "society." When anarchism became humdrum, she took to the woods—went into a camp in California, where Mr. Hapgood finally leaves her, "making a last effort to live the straight free life of Nature's children, a suckling at the breasts of Mother Earth." A new birth, he calls it, and quotes her:

> I have been here now a whole month and have not wearied of it for a moment. Each day brings a new, wonderful experience; and each day I feel a real part of the great wonderful scheme of things. Indeed, I am becoming a part of Nature.

A new appetiser, the reader says, and wonders how the feelings are to be scraped up for next month, though quite sure that she will get them somehow. Mr. Hapgood seems blind to the amount of yeast he has put in her. He seems not to know that she is blessed with enough power of self-dramatisation to last a lifetime. She will not stay long with Professor Henry Van Dyke and Nature—small blame to her, for far less restless souls than hers have fretted under that compulsion. Despite his air of finality and moral approval Mr. Hapgood leaves Marie in what is really the shortest of her moods. He tries to prove his point by her, but she becomes too real a person to stay inside his proposition. That is the danger to the thesis-writer of drawing a character too well; it walks off on its own feet, snapping its fingers at the author's educational intentions.

Terry seems more exclusively the product of books.

> Terry is a perfect type of the idealist. We shall see how, in the midst of what the world calls immorality and sordidness, this quality in him was ever present; even when it led to harshness to persons or facts. Not fitting into the world, his attitude toward it, his actions in it, and his judgment of it are keen and impassioned, but, not fitting the actual facts, sometimes unjust and cruel. Tender and sensitive

*An Anarchist Woman. By Hutchins Hapgood. New York: Duffield and Company, 308 pp.

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as a child, his indignation is so uncompromising that it often involves injustice and wrong.

* * * * *

This was the man who met Marie at a critical time of her life. He was about thirty-five years old, had experienced much, had become formed, had rejected society, but not the ideal. Rather, as he dropped the one, he embraced more fervently the other. He had consorted with thieves, prostitutes, with all low human types; and for their failures and their weaknesses, their ideas and their instincts, he felt deep sympathy and even an æsthetic appreciation.

Terry is made most ingeniously to talk out of books:

Whenever and wherever I have touched the depths, and it has been frequent and prolonged, and have seen the proletarian face to face, naked spiritually and physically, the appeal in his eyes is irresistible and irrefutable. I must do something for him or else I am lost to myself. If I should ever let an occasion go by I am sure I never could recover from the feeling that something irreparable had happened to me. I should not mind failure, but to fail here and in my own eyes is to be forever lost and eternally damned. This looks like the religion of my youth under another guise, but I must find imperishable harmony somewhere. The apathy of the mass oppresses me into a hopeless helplessness which may account for my stagnation, my ineffectiveness, my impotence, my stupidity, my crudeness, my despair. I have always felt lop-sided, physically, especially in youth. My awkwardness became, too, a state of mind at the mercy of any spark of suggestion. My subjectively big head I tried to compress into a little hat, my objectively large hands concealed themselves in subjective pockets, my poor generous feet went the way of the author of *Pilgrim's Progress*. The result is a lop-sided mind, developed monstrously in certain sensitive directions, otherwise not at all. A born stumbler in this world, I naturally lurched up against society—but, as often happens, I have lost the thread of my thought: my thoughts, at the critical moment, frequently desert me as my family did; they seem to carry on an alluring flirtation, and when I think them near they suddenly wave me from the distance. But like a lover, I will follow on—follow on to platonic intercourse with my real mistress, the proletarian. And soul there is there. I have met as fathomless spirits among the workers as one will meet with anywhere. Art never has fathomed them, and may never be able to do so. Often have I stood dumbfounded before some simple day-labourer with whom I worked. Art does not affect me as this kind of grand simplicity in life does. I keep muttering to myself: there must be a meaning to our lives somewhere, or else we must sunder this social fabrication and create a meaning; and so my incantations go on endlessly.

Sometimes it is the voice of literary youth, or of any man in a radical mood, called "modern" by reviewers who pretend not to know that radicalism is a ratio, not a creed, and may have been a constant ratio, for aught we know, since the first hot-headed anti-cannibal turned against the table manners of the contemporary leading families.

"It takes recklessness," says Terry, "to be a social experimentalist or really to get into touch with humanity. Our careful humanitarians, our charitable ones, never do, for they stick to their conservatism. How we do fashion our own fetters, from chains to corsets, and from gods to governments. Oh, how I wish I were a fine lean satirist!—with a great black-snake whip of sarcasm to scourge the smug and genial ones, the self-righteous, charitable, and respectable ones! How I would lay the lash on corpulent content and fat faith with folds in its belly, chin and hands; those who try to beat their breast-bone through layers of fat! Oh, this rotund reverence of morality! 'Meagre minds,' mutters George Moore, and my gorge rises in stuttering rage to get action on them. Verily such morality as your ordinary conservative professes has an organic basis: it has its seat in those vestiges of muscles that would still wag our abortive tails and often do wag our abortive tongues. To arouse such fat ones to any onward flight it may take the tremendous impact of a revolution. It may take many upheavals of the seismic soul of man before the hobgoblins of authority are finally laid in the valley.

"How many free spirits have been caught and hampered in the quagmire of conservatism. Yet they have the homing instinct of all winged things: they return to the soul and seek to throw off the fat and heavy flesh of social stupidity. Many great, free spirits there have been who possess this orientation of the

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race and have brought us tidings of the promised land. How many thundering spirits have commanded us to march by the tongued and livid lightning of their prophetic souls, but how few of us have done so! Why, to me, this world is a halting hell of hitching-posts and of truculent troughs for belching swineherds. The universe has no goal that we know of, unless Eternity be the aim; let us then have the modesty of the Cosmos, and no other modesty, and be content to know our course, and be sure to run it."

Terry was the slave of the principle no work without inspiration, and tramped and hoboed and starved rather than turn his hand to any task that seemed for the moment disagreeable. The disagreeableness of the task was proof to Terry that it went against the freedom of his nature, was a form of social coercion to which he as anarchist must rise superior. To work for wages was to approve the system of exploitation. To work for applause was also base. One cannot be quite sure of one's motives. He must wait for a work impulse that should be self-evidently untrammelled and unalloyed, an autogenetic impulse, a sort of moral seizure; then the mind might work with anarchistic propriety, work because it really wished to, voluntarily up and dance, or be bowled along the line of no resistance. But there are often long intervals between these happy turns, for there is treason within us from the anarchistic point of view. The mind is already compromised; the thoughts are by no means free (some of them snub others); the reason is often browbeaten, and sneaking little conventionalities start up every moment and run the intellect in their own way; clearly the mind has been altogether overrun by "society," the enemy. Hence waiting around for pure ego-work to begin, soul cries, self-outbursts, is apt to run to very long pauses indeed, for the harder one looks inside his head the more entangled it seems with "society." And as the muscles need the pressure of objects that resist, a mind thus denied all exercise is apt to become at first flaccid and short of breath, and then, a mere pendulous, foolish thing awaiting justification by galvanism. So Terry ran his course. He was very logical. He applied the principles of anarchism to his own mind, and with entire consistency in freedom's cause let it go to pieces.

The aloofness of the Overman, the individualistic teachings of Zarathustra, appealed to the anti-social Terry, to the man who more and more went back to his egotistic personality, to whom more and more the "communist" Christian anarchists made little appeal, who more and more became what is called an individual anarchist, with whom there is little possibility of relationship. . . .

In the latest word which Mr. Hapgood says he has from Terry occurs this confession:

I had to seek surcease in my old remedy of hasheesh and chloroform, which was a change from suffering to stupidity. But I shall not swell the cosmic chorus of woe by raising my cracked voice against impending fate. I am more and more alone, more and more conscious of a growing something that is keeping me apart from all whom I can possibly avoid.

This, says Mr. Hapgood, marks the near approach of Terry's logical end.

Under Terry's teaching, and it was all she had, Marie discovered other desires than the sexual, though still free to roam with other men as she would, for Terry believed in "free love." And here a warning to a certain class whom Mr. Hapgood, rather hopelessly, I think, attempts to reassure. If you agree with Mr. William Winter's criticism of Ibsen or approve the policy of Anthony Comstock toward Bernard Shaw, this is no fit book for you to read. Marie's relations with men are mentioned. They are not told in the amatory spirit of the Dido episode which your children read in school or with the carnal revelry of *Romeo and Juliet;* but they are mentioned. The terms "unpleasant," "malodorous," bound to occur in some reviews, are all implied in the title, for anarchism includes "free-love." There is no knowing the American caprice of expurgation, and the only safe course for a Wintry-Comstock mind is to stay on the pure side of the definition and try not to understand.

They were indeed all "free lovers," and quite naturally so; the rebellious temperament

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instinctively takes as its object of attack the strongest convention in society. Anarchism in Europe is mainly political; in America it is mainly sexual; for the reason that there is less freedom of expression about sex in America than in Europe: so there is a stronger protest here against the conventions in this field—as the yoke is more severely felt. While I was in Italy and France I met a number of anarchists who, on the sex side, were not ostentatiously rebellious. They were like the free sort of conservative people everywhere. But in political ideas they were more logical, sophisticated, and deeply revolutionary than is the case with the American anarchists, who on the other hand both in their lives and their opinions, are extreme rebels against sex conventions. It is only another instance of how unreason in one extreme tends to bring about unreason in the other. Our prudishness, hypocrisy and stupid conventionality in all sex matters is responsible for the unbalanced license of many a protesting spirit.

In Terry's company Marie plunged into indiscriminate reading of the brilliant writers of the time, some with wings, some with dubious flying machines of their own devising, but all essaying an upward and forward motion, skippers of tradition, and if not pioneers, at least fugitives from commonplace. She brought to them a mind without previous acquisitions and an experience almost exclusively physiological. So she became, like certain insurgent magazine verses, extremely vague as to the identity of her oppressors, sure only of her revolt. She quivered as she read like an unballasted reviewer afloat in some teapot tempest of "strong" writing, in a Jack London gale, for example, with the words "primal" and "elemental" tearing through the shrouds. "Cosmos" and "cosmic," as Terry used them, would at times delightfully capsize her. She began her thinking in terms of enormous girth and unapprehended content. Her first ghost stories were of "society." She had a woman's very personal way with large abstractions, making enemies or pets of them, like the woman quoted by Professor James: "I do so love to cuddle up to God." She acquired that precocity of literary feeling which prompts to "confessions" in advance of thinking, and you will find her likeness in a great deal of the premature poetry of the present, written in a flutter of expectation over an idea that does not come. No plodding for her. "Small hath continual plodding ever won, save base authority from others' books." But occasional plodding is necessary even for the epicure of emotions, to get up an appetite for the next sudden revelation. She read for the pleasure of feeling the thought jump, but without the acquisition of a good deal of dense traditional stuff there is nothing for the thought to jump from or over. Where is the fun in seeing Bernard Shaw knock ideas down if one has not first met them standing up? Apart from any question of truth, or character, or the "meaning of life," and merely from the point of view of sportsmanship, the mind needs its level expanses, studious trifles, sleepy acquisitions, stupid details, traditional irrelevancies, statistics, tariff discussions, polite conversation, leading articles and mild ambling poetry, including many hymns—in short, must plod along rather diligently at intervals for a due sense of the length, breadth, thickness and perfect humanity of platitude, from which alone the rocketing may be enjoyed. Otherwise these hop-skip-and-jump fellows will seem pioneers from nowhere or insurgents against nothing in general. Even as mere pleasure-givers they will pall, if one does not retain some laborious habits, remain something of a scholar in commonplace things. Marie wanted the emotions without gathering any material for them to act upon.

She lacked, therefore, the staying power necessary even to successful hedonism, could not stand the training, the abstinence, the exercise. One sees signs of her in all classes, not merely in the slums, not necessarily versed in anarchism, mentionable or unmentionable. The most of her will perhaps be found in literary Arcadias, where, as they will tell you, they have "good talk." But she pricks the mind to seeking analogies in very respectable quarters, which must not be mentioned lest they seem farfetched, or violate a confidence, or provoke a libel-suit. It is proof of some power in a book if it sets one to spec-

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ulating in this way, hunting analogies, exceeding the author's apparent design, and interviewing the characters on one's own account. The pleasant clever novels of the day leave no such illusion that the characters gave got away, and give no such impulse to a wild-goose chase. It is a strange man that could remain awake five minutes beyond his usual time with the characters of Messrs. Harding Davis, Booth Tarkington, O. Henry, or even Anthony Hope, Maurice Hewlett, and stars of a greater magnitude. Gone like a glass of soda water; cheerful but done with; ancient after two ticks of the clock, hazy as Tiglath-Pileser; and the soul now ready to be completely absorbed in the deeds of the flies on the window pane. It must be that Mr. Hapgood has written an unusual book. It might be an altogether admirable one, but Mr. Hapgood is more credulous of his people than he has a right to be of any one, even of himself. They are subjects for sympathetic derision—not satire the sneering substance that we know, but satire that includes the satirist himself. That is the grave omission of the satirist, the omission of himself—nearly all the world to the literary person, yet left out of the world in almost every extremely sarcastic survey of it. There can, of course, be no sound derision of things *sub specie eternitatio* that does not include the derider himself.

*F. M. Colby.*

## II

### Rose O'Neill's "The Lady in the White Veil"*

The author of this novel is known as an illustrator of considerable merit, an artist of a certain originality and force. There are several specimens of her handiwork scattered throughout the pages, which are not unpleasing. Now, it is but a jealous carping criticism that would deny to the successful achiever in one line of artistic endeavour,—because of success—the right to achievement in some other line of work. Indeed it would have been,—for the present reviewer at least,—a pleasure to be able to announce that Mrs. Rose O'Neill is as clever a writer as she is an illustrator. But this cannot be said. In fact it must be regretfully stated that she has written a very poor book. It is quite impossible to discover why such a book should have been written at all. For the author's time and coffers could presumably have been filled to so much better advantage by the exercise of her real talent. The story of the novel hinges about a mystery which becomes so obvious about one-third through the book that the snarl of so-called mystifying happenings becomes annoying in the extreme. The style is overladen with a would-be facetiousness and attempted brilliancy which read like the efforts of a capable high-school girl who has not—perhaps never will,—learned the beauty of simplicity, nor the power to understand life from anything but the school-girl attitude.

One oasis in a desert of mannerisms and useless words is the figure of Uncle Dodson, the violin-playing amateur detective. Uncle Dodson is really delightful. He is the only justification for an otherwise unnecessary book. He is so good that we fancy the author must have forgotten her literary ambitions for the time, and simply painted a figure from life.

Uncle Dodson's sayings are most amusing, and give the only really funny moments among so much that is painfully trying to be funny.

> Insects are not necessarily celibates.

Or:

> To a man of a lofty nature a noble purpose cannot be forgotten. It inspires all the divine energies of his soul: all the strength of his spirit reaches out: he sits down on it, like a bull-pup on an old overshoe—if you know what I mean.

This is a sample of Uncle Dodson's conversation. If the delightful old gentleman was the reason for writing the book—there is no other apparent—it could have been done much easier. He is of himself so much worth while that we regret it has not been done in any other way.

*Grace Isabel Colbron.*

*The Lady in the White Veil. By Rose O'Neill. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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III

G. R. CHESTER'S "THE MAKING OF BOBBY BURNIT"*

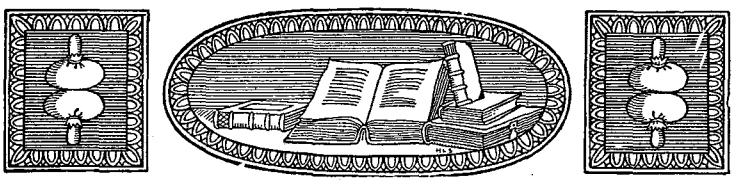
A good many excellent novels are very poor serials. Also the reverse is true. By this the reviewer does not wish to imply that Mr. Chester's *The Making of Bobby Burnit,* which was an unusually entertaining serial, is a bad novel. It is not. Only it is impossible to regard the story in book form in any other way than in the light of a second incarnation. Even the reader who has never heard of it before, seeing it between these covers of blue and gold, will inevitably feel this.

Here is the tale in a nut-shell. John Burnit has died, leaving to his son a vast fortune and a series of philosophical letters. The fortune is curiously tied up, and the letters are to be given to the son not as a warning against an indiscretion, but after the indiscretion has been consummated. Robert Burnit, bouyant, enthusiastic, inexperienced, generous, and something of an ass, becomes more deeply involved with each new venture. He begins by losing control of his father's department store. He plunges into a wild-cat real estate scheme. He enters the field of municipal affairs and finds the game an expensive one. He backs a stranded opera company and becomes entangled in a breach of promise suit. Finally, in journalism he finds his true career, and, taught wisdom by constant reverses, is able to pay off old scores and to emerge from the long struggle with flying colours.

*The Making of Bobby Burnit* may be summed up as modern, American, spirited, entertaining, and ephemeral. It is a book that will be thoroughly enjoyed to-day, and quite forgotten six months hence. To speak of it as belonging to the school of *The Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son* is not to imply imitation. True, the John Burnit of this story is not unlike the old Gorgon Graham of Mr. Lorimer's remarkably successful narrative, and in certain callow moods Bobby bears a marked resemblance to Pierrepont Graham. But there the similarity ends. In place of the anecdotes of the shrewd old Chicago financier there is here a philosophy that is quite as sound, and in addition a narrative that should satisfy the most insistent admirer of incident and action.

*Beverly Stark.*

*The Making of Bobby Burnit. By George Randolph Chester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.



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# THE POPULAR VERDICT AND SOME RECENT NOVELS*

IT is generally conceded that of all literary forms the novel stands nearest to the drama in its dependence upon popular favour. As with the drama, its legitimate purpose is neither to teach nor to preach, but to entertain. It may, of course, incidentally accomplish many other things besides. It may, on occasion, stir us to noble impulses and righteous indignation; it may propound some of the weightiest problems of human life and point a way to their solution; it may strip the veil from hideous social evils and kindle a sweeping fire of reform. But unless it possesses the initial gift of entertaining, it courts defeat at the outset; for whatever people may do with sermons and essays and text-books, it is quite certain that they will refuse to read a novel that bores them. Accordingly it is well-nigh axiomatic that a novelist, like a playwright, must catch and hold the interest of his audience. What the nature of his audience shall be is one of the questions he is privileged to answer for himself. He may write for the many or for the few; for the wise or the foolish; for the reverend senior or the matinee girl. But having chosen his public, he must give them entertainment, or else own himself ignorant of the first principles of his art.

Now, since the purpose of all fiction, of whatever degree of ambition and achievement, is to present a series of imagined incidents in such a way as to produce the maximum impression of reality, it would seem to be a perfectly reasonable and legitimate question to ask why the popular verdict on a novel is not the decisive verdict—in other words, why the novel that reaches the widest audience is not artistically as well as commercially the best novel? For the art of fiction is different from the other arts, in that it does not afford a conscious enjoyment, for its own sake, excepting in rare, individual cases. None but the trained critic takes pleasure, as he reads a story, in the cleverness of its technique, the symmetry of its structure, the effective tricks of rhythm and assonance, because in the technique of fiction the best art lies in most subtly concealing it; it is not something to be enjoyed for its own sake, as in music or painting. And so, if the aim of all novelists is essentially the same—namely, to interpret life in the most graphic, effective and convincing way at their command—then it would seem that the test of a novelist's ability, like that of a great actor, should lie in the size of his audience, the number of people whom his genius has the power to hold spellbound.

In point of fact, there are a sufficient number of cases in which the popular verdict and the verdict of authoritative criticism have coincided, to give a sort of fallacious justification to this doctrine that a novelist's greatness is in direct ratio to his popularity. Scott and Dickens and Thackeray, Stevenson and Kipling, Dumas and Balzac and Zola, are familiar instances of great writers who could hold and sway a great audience. But they were able to do this because of the breadth of their sympathies with human life, the universality of their themes, the gift of touching certain common chords of human nature, that set all classes of readers vibrating in response. This power different writers have to a varying degree; Dickens, for instance, to a greater extent than Thackeray—and therefore, while Thackeray is the finer

*Antonio. By Ernest Oldmeadow. New York: The Century Company.

Idolatry. By Alice Perrin. New York: Duffield and Company.

Salvator. By Percival Gibbon. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Peter-Peter. By Maude Radford Warren. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Whips of Time. By Arabella Kenealy. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Black Flier. By Edith Macvane. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

The Half Moon. By Ford Madox Hueffer. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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artist, Dickens gathers around him a more motley audience and wins by popular verdict. So long as a novelist confines himself to themes that possess this universal appeal; themes dealing with such primitive, basic emotions that they are as intelligible to the ploughman as to the man of letters; themes as single-minded as Othello's jealousy or Macbeth's ambition, just so long will his true worth be roughly measured by the size of his audience.

It is, of course, one form of genius to be able to choose themes that will thus reach the public at large and make the whole world feel the thrill of kinship. But it is not one of the indispensable factors of great fiction, because greatness lies in the way a story is told, rather than in the story itself. It depends upon the degree of an author's ability to tell the truth about life, rather than upon the particular truth that he has undertaken to tell, and if he succeeds greatly, the absolute value of his achievement remains the same, whether a million readers or only a score possess the intimate knowledge of life that is necessary to a complete understanding of what he has done.

It follows that while many of the greatest novels ever written belong, and rightly, too, to the general public, many other novels, equally great, must remain caviare to the general. The general public will continue to yawn over the novel that deals with problems too subtle for it to understand; and it will continue to read and admire writers whose ignorance of life it is itself too ignorant to detect. There are just a few peculiarly gifted writers who achieve that seemingly impossible task of simultaneously appealing to the child and the adult, by means of an *Alice in Wonderland* or a *Jungle Tale*. But the mere fact that books like these augment their possible audience by the sum total of the nation's childhood, does not make them greater in literary value than, let us say, *Vanity Fair* or *Pere Goriot*, which must remain content without a juvenile audience. A certain portion of the general public are at best only children of a larger growth; and while certain masters of fiction succeed in writing down to their level, it would be folly to claim for these a higher degree of merit than for other writers who frankly choose to write for a limited public possessed of a special culture, an exceptional maturity. The fact that three generations have wept over the death of little Nell does not alter the fact that *The Old Curiosity Shop* lies considerably lower in the scale of art than, for example, *The Golden Bowl* of Henry James, whose very meaning would persistently elude ninety per cent. of the sum total of Dickens's readers.

For these reasons it should be remembered that there are few tests so fallacious as the popular verdict on books of fiction. As against the one time when the public may possibly be right, there will be ten times when it will be plainly, if not grotesquely wrong. It will look askance at the really promising work of an author's youth, and then end by absurdly overrating the mediocre productions of his middle age. And this is not surprising, because mediocrity is itself one of the notes that awaken a ready response from the world at large.

And yet the Popular Verdict is a factor which it has become impossible to overlook in the criticism of modern fiction because of the easily understood and somewhat deplorable reason that it is the factor which largely explains why so many mediocre books are published—and also why many a book containing the promise of better things is deliberately warped and cheapened and spoiled. A casual glance over a shelf full of so-called "summer novels" is in these days rather disheartening, not because a light little story skilfully told is in itself an unworthy achievement, but because in so much of our current fiction it is unpleasantly evident that the author has had his eye at least two-thirds of the time upon his audience, rather than on his work.

**"Antonio"**

Accordingly, when we come across a book that evidently has been written for its own sake, without any thought of popular acclaim, there is a temptation to give it almost too much praise; to shut our eyes to its defects and exalt its worthy qualities beyond the bounds of strict impartiality. Such a book is *Antonio,* by Ernest Oldmeadow. Obviously,

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the story has numerous faults; it is somewhat too long drawn out for what the author has to tell; it is wearisome in spots, and the conversation is here and there distinctly crude. Yet these objections are more than counterbalanced by the welcome fact that here is a book not written in accord with any of the popular formulas; a book which appears to say to the general public, "Take me or leave me as you please. I am written for my own sake and not for yours. I have nothing in common with the average parody upon reality that is called a novel. I am the record of the struggle of a human soul." Obviously, then, *Antonio* is not a book destined to receive the popular vote. It is the story of a young Benedictine monk who finds himself, with the rest of his brethren, ejected from the monastery at the time when Portugal, after the close of the Napoleonic wars, confiscated the possessions of the Order and drove the monks out into the world. All the other monks of this particular monastery are old and near to death; but Antonio is young and strong and full of zeal; and in him, if anywhere, lies the one hope of some time restoring the brotherhood. How he accomplishes this task is the central theme of Mr. Oldmeadow's strong and unusual story. He shows us this young priest, inexperienced and untrained to face the world, starting forth penniless, laying aside his monastic garb, and beginning life as a simple citizen, obtaining employment, first of all, as an expert judge of wines. How he rises step by step in the confidence of the wine merchant who employs him, how he takes a cargo of rare old wines to England, and reaps an ample harvest for himself and his employer; how he returns and with his savings buys the vineyards adjoining the old monastery, so that he may be on hand to watch and protect it day by day; how night after night he creeps through an underground passage into the old abandoned chapel to kneel in the old stall and offer up prayers for his absent brethren—all this forms the very warp and woof of the vivid verbal tapestry into which is worked a romance of turbulent fashion, self-abnegation and protracted struggle, ending in a final and lasting peace. The spirit of faith and devotion is admirably sustained, and the colouring throughout the book exhibits a softened and mellow richness suggestive of the glow of sunlight through old stained glass.

**"Idolatry"**

Religious fervour forms the keynote to another book of the month, *Idolatry*, by Alice Perrin. Like this author's previous volumes, it is a story of British India, and pictures with a good deal of vividness the motley and teeming life of the East, the startling contrasts of manners and customs, the clash between Eastern and Western philosophies and faiths. The immediate atmosphere of the story is that of a colony of English missionaries, one of whom, in sharp contrast to the conservatism of his brethren, asks himself frankly whether the methods that the church is pursuing are not, after all, a waste of time and energy; whether in order to reach and hold the Hindoo the missionary must not make more obvious and radical sacrifices than in the past; whether, in short, it is not necessary for Christianity in India to adopt in a measure the poverty and self-abnegation of the Brahmin and the Buddhist. The character of this man, animated by the spirit of a great martyrdom, we get not directly for the most part, but through the eyes of a young Englishwoman, a vain, self-seeking, unscrupulous young woman who, having refused to marry a British officer who loves her, afterward learns that he has come into a fortune and promptly follows him to India with the deliberate intention of marrying him for his money; but in India she forms the acquaintance of this ardent, almost fanatical young missionary, learns to love him, learns to see life through his eyes, and by doing so learns how mean and contemptible have been all her past plans and motives. There can be nothing for the future between her and the missionary, because, although he loves her, his one dominating motive is sacrifice. But, having known him, she realises that it has become impossible to marry another man whom she does not love, and that the only honest thing left for her to do is to tell this other man the truth and give

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up the fortune already in her grasp. There is a tendency in the book toward exaggeration, verging upon religious sentimentality, yet, taken as a whole, it is a careful piece of work that succeeds in holding the reader's interest.

**"Salvator"**

A book which comes exasperatingly near to being a worthy piece of work is *Salvator,* by Percival Gibbon. The author had all the material for a story at once dramatic, instructive and full of popular appeal, and he has just missed his goal through sheer lack of technical skill. He starts with the advantage of a picturesque and unhackneyed setting, the island of Mozambique—a setting which, for the moment, we do not remember to have come across in any novel other than Dolf Wyllarde's *Uriah, the Hittite.* He has made us see the life on the island, with its motley hordes of negroes, Portuguese, and the scum and riff-raff of all the nations of Europe as a sort of hotbed of treachery and crime, a filthy breeding place of corruption and treason. He has conceived the idea of flinging into the midst of this political anarchy a dreamer, a quixotic and visionary reformer, a man of mixed blood combining the obstinacy of the Anglo-Saxon with the sentimentality of the German. This man Salvator undertakes single-handed, and with the courage of a colossal ignorance, to clean up the government of the island, to effect a reform that does not hesitate at a revolution, to make himself, if need be, the dictator—not for personal gain, but in a spirit of self-sacrifice. This theme might be handled a dozen different ways. It is rich in possibilities of satire, of burlesque, of grim tragedy—and, of course, it can end only in one way, the defeat and annihilation of the would-be reformer. But no matter in what key the author chooses to write it, the essential thing is to keep Salvator in the centre of the picture; to make us see behind him, and surrounding him, and hedging him in, an intricate network of conspiracy, a secret, remorseless invincible treachery; to give us everywhere the impression of lurking dangers, hidden ambuscades, smiling hypocrisy; to let us see, in all its details, the drama of a gigantic fiasco. The reason why *Salvator* is a book full of interesting promise is that at times it almost achieves some of these results. The reason why it is nothing more than a book of promise is because it injects into the central plot a number of irrelevant and unimportant side issues, a quantity of characters who do not really count, a young Englishwoman who does not know her own mind for two consecutive chapters, and a young Englishman who is held up as a model of courtesy to men and chivalry to women when, as a matter of fact, he is neither the one thing nor the other—and even if he were, has no right, according to the accepted principles of technique, actually to elbow the hero more than once out of the centre of the story. And yet the chances are that, because of some clever writing and novel situations, the popular verdict will place *Salvator* distinctly higher than it deserves.

**"Peter-Peter"**

A story which, in sharp contrast to *Salvator,* contains no possibilities for making anything better or cleverer than the author has made is *Peter-Peter,* by Maude Radford Warren. It is a book carefully and successfully written, with the purpose of satisfying a quite legitimate popular demand for stories of the fluffy, harmless sort, depicting, with a certain tender lightness of touch, a highly idealised variety of love in a cottage, where nothing happens as it does in real life—where tempers are never ruffled, adversity never brings discouragement, and friends are always loyal, and babies are impossibly cherubic. In short, *Peter-Peter* is the history of a young married couple who, having been bred in luxury, suddenly find their entire fortune swept away, and retire to the only refuge left them, a tumble-down barn on the farm which was the husband's birthplace. Here, for a year, they struggle blithely with poverty. Here for a while he does the cooking and dish-washing, while she gives lessons in French and music. Here the twins are born, and inspire the father to write wonderful verses about them, and to draw marvellously varied pictures of

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babyhood in all its phases, and here they are still living when the joyful news comes that the quaint and inimitable book made from these pictures and verses has caught the public taste and become the foundation stone of a new fortune. Such is *Peter-Peter,* a book destined to a popularity quite beyond its real merit, a book that with all its tenderness, its humour, its reverence of home and love and motherhood, remains, when all is said, essentially and preposterously unreal.

**"The Whips of Time"**

*The Whips of Time,* by Arabella Kenealy, belongs to the class of books that make no pretensions to high literary value, and are accepted at their face value by the general public, whose verdict is therefore just about commensurate with their real worth. In other words, it is a story written frankly not as a study of life or of character, but solely for the sake of an exciting and original development of plot—the sort of story which in its highest development is exemplified by James Payne and Wilkie Collins. *The Whips of Time* takes its start from a heartless experiment by an English physician for the purpose of deciding the vexed question of the part played by heredity in the development of character. The physician in question is a disbeliever in heredity, and he proposes to make a test by secretly exchanging two babies born at the same time in a private sanitarium—one of them the child of the leading family of a small English town, the other the child of a condemned murderess who has confessed to having poisoned a score of victims. The story opens twenty years later than the prelude, and is seen through the eyes of another physician who shared the confidence of the doctor responsible for the exchange, but has never known the details of it. Coming for a season to the small town in question, the doctor discovers that instead of one there are two leading families, and in each of them there is a son and heir born by curious coincidence in his friend's sanitarium, and at about the same time that the child of the murderess was born. One or the other of these two young men, so the physician assumes, somewhat hastily, must be the child of the murderess. The only problem to his mind is which of the two has the probable inheritance of a criminal nature. And as the story progresses; as we watch from day to day the lives of these two young men; see their hearts awakening and their interests definitely centring upon certain young women, we see them constantly through the eyes of this doctor, we hear constantly the insistent question, Which of these two is destined to make a woman miserable. It does not occur to the good doctor, and therefore it does not occur to us, that the sex of the murderess's child is one of the details which his brother practitioner never mentioned to him, and that is why the outcome of the story, when we finally get it, comes with the startling suddenness of the cracking of a whip.

**"The Black Flier"**

So long as the automobile fad endures, it is likely that almost any story in which the characters are hurled madly through town and country at law-breaking speed, undergoing adventures that defy all rules of probability, will receive a favourable verdict from the general public. *The Black Flier,* by Edith Macvane, adds one more to the already lengthy list. As for the likelihood of the incidents which in this particular case are supposed to have happened to the man and woman mainly concerned, the simplest method is to detail them briefly and without comment, leaving the reader to judge for himself. A young American, about to marry an English girl at her own home, discovers half an hour before the appointed time that there is a blunder of names in the marriage license. He hastens across the fields by a short cut to the register's office, has an ugly fall in attempting to jump a hedge, and lands in the road, his wedding garments in ruins and his leg crippled from an ugly twist. An approaching motor car seems to solve his difficulty. At a signal it stops, a young woman, addressing him in French, assists him to his feet and into the car, then puts on full speed, and in spite of all his expostulations, drives

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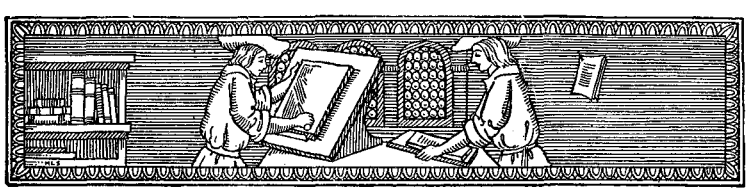
blindly onward until at nightfall they stop at a strange and isolated inn just over the Scottish border. This unaccountable young woman who has thus kidnapped him enters their names as husband and wife, and the man, not wishing to expose her to scandal, and unversed in Scottish law, refrains from contradicting her. Who and what she is he is not told; but he gathers that she is fleeing from some great danger; and her youth and beauty awake his chivalry and sympathy. The next morning he discovers that the lady has flown, her pursuers having overtaken her and spirited her away. He himself is left with her motor car on his hands, and is promptly arrested on the charge of having stolen it. Within twenty-four hours, Fate has willed it that he should desert a bride at the altar, elope with a strange woman, be charged with a felony and under Scottish law have presumably and quite against his will contracted a marriage. To contrive an explanation of these various happenings, and an escape from their consequences that will satisfy even the rudimentary demands of plausibility, is a task that might well dismay even a veteran concocter of mystery stories, and probably few could do much better than Edith Macvane has succeeded in doing. Nevertheless, the book does not carry conviction with it; we know all the time that things don't and couldn't have happened that way for the simple and all sufficient reason, to quote the immortal words of Assessor Brack, "People don't do such things!" Nevertheless, *The Black Flier* is destined to be widely read and popularly enjoyed, because it does give an exhilarating illusion of the rush and swirl of a mad flight, the breathless onward plunge through space, the fascination of limitless and lawless speed.

**"The Half Moon"**

*The Half Moon,* by Ford Madox Hueffer, belongs to that better sort of historical novel that refuses to purchase popularity at the cost of honest narrative and careful style. The date of the story is in the early years of the reign of King James the first. The scene of action for the English portion of the story is the town of Rye, one of the Cinque ports which had, till then, their own laws, rights and nobility, quite apart from those of the rest of England; and for the rest of the book, the action takes places on board the *Half Moon,* the ship in which Hendrick Hudson first came to the Island of Manhattan. It is, however, in no sense a colonial novel, for the plot concerns a certain Edward Coleman who, contrary to English law, has been exporting wool to Holland. He is betrayed by Anne Jeal, daughter of the mayor of Rye, out of revenge because he has scorned her beauty, and has chosen to marry a Dutch woman. Coleman, with the death penalty hanging over him, flees to Holland, and thence ships with Hudson to the New World, where, as tradition tells us, he was the first white man to die in the new Dutch colony. In itself the plot sounds thin and unpromising, but it has been used by Mr. Hueffer as the framework for a careful and very vivid picture of seventeenth-century bigotry, ignorance, and superstition; of the final struggle between mediævalism and modernity; and of the desperate lengths to which a proud, powerful, and undisciplined woman will go in her attempt to avenge the wrongs of her slighted beauty. It is a pity that there are not more stories of the historical novel class written in this same careful and conscientious way.

*Frederic Taber Cooper.*



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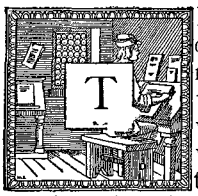
# "DIAMOND CUT PASTE"

## BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

### BOOK II—A WEEK'S CHRONICLE

### CHAPTER IX



THE door between the orangery—which gave its name to the house—and the inner drawing-room was open, a fact Coralie was not aware of until the sound of voices reached her in her retreat among the fragrant trees. She had discovered this haven with all the joy of the Southerner finding a bit of home in a far-off land. The breath of the blossoms, the warmth of the atmosphere, the feeling of the rocking-chair under her lissom body, of the tiles under her feet, brought her back to her childhood and its early surroundings with a rush of that joy tinged with pathos with which a happy woman can afford to look back upon her happy past. In lazy luxuriance she rocked herself and dreamed, a smile on her lips, and almost, but not quite, a tear in her eye.

"My! those were good days, too," she said to herself. "I'll have to make Ernest take me back to the old folk before long."

Then, instead of the past, she began to consider the future—how mother would look when she saw her child again, and how proud the child would be to show the mother to the husband . . . ! If ever there was a lovely woman—Into this agreeable day-dream certain voices penetrated, at first vaguely, then so insistently, almost disagreeably, that Coralie ceased rocking herself to listen. Those were Norah's tones, uplifted, shrill, furiously complaining.

Good heavens! the girl was crying! And the other voice—that sweet, false, insinuating note—well she ought to know it by this time; how many an hour it had exasperated her almost beyond endurance during the last year . . . ! What mischief was Emerald Fanny concocting now?

"I'm going to listen," said Coralie determinedly to herself, clenching her hand. "I stole on the highway yesterday; I'm not going to be squeamish about a trifle of eavesdropping to-day. Every one sees his duty in his own way. I hope I know mine when I meet it."

So, virtuously, she listened.

"I won't stand it!" Norah was sobbing. "Mamma has no right to interfere with my life. I know she said something to Enn in order to put him off coming any more. He used to be always dead keen on having me with him."

"I am sure he was," insinuated the sweet voice.

"He did care for me," the passionate complaint proceeded. "Why, he would hardly let a day pass without coming up on some pretext or other, or writing, or 'phoning. He did care for me."

"Indeed he was watching you with his eyes the whole time. I saw him, little Norah, that first night."

"And mamma is going to spoil all; to break my heart and ruin my life! Mamma always wants to manage everybody. She said she wouldn't have me going out with him any more; that I was too old for that sort of thing . . . and in the same breath she tells me that I'm a school-girl. I feel sure she said something beastly to him and hurt his feelings. Enn has got those kinds of feelings."

"Oh, it would be such a pity," sighed the widow. "People do make such dreadful mischief without meaning it! If mothers would only understand that their daughters grow up!" Emerald's voice took an even more delicate silkiness. "You must try and make allowances for your dear mother, darling. It is hard on a young-looking and handsome woman to have a grown-up daughter."

"Oh, the cat, the cat!" cried Coralie to herself in burning indignation, and almost burst from her eavesdropping seclusion to fulminate the mischief-maker. But she restrained herself; she waited for Norah's outcry. Surely the girl, however deep under the spell of the

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flatterer, would rebuke this slanderer as she deserved.

But Norah's answer was delayed. Coralie could hear her blowing her nose and sniffing—and when it came it was anything but satisfactory to the listener's conception of loyalty.

"I don't think it's that," the injured young lady was remarking sullenly. "I don't think mamma is that sort of woman."

"My dear"—Mrs. Lancelot's tone was arch—"she might very well not want to be a grandmother yet."

"No," cried Norah, "no, that's not mamma's way!" There was a pettish stamp of her foot. "That's not mamma's way a bit. I declare if that were her reason there would be some sense in it. I could understand it. But mamma has never hardly let me have a thought of my own since I was born. She's watched and watched and watched me. She thinks she'll manage my whole life. But I'll not stand it. She has never understood me, never. No one has ever understood me except Enn." An angry sob caught the word.

"And your Emerald!"

"Oh, yes. Yes, you do, Emerald."

"Alas," chanted the widow, "how very, very often mothers who love their children best least understand them. I often think"—the sound of tears trickled into the musical accents—"that if I had only had a little child how different my life would be; how I should pray to do right by it, to be guided! How I should subordinate my every thought and wish! A child's individuality is such a precious, precious thing! Oh, Norah, if a child of mine had wept tears like yours through my fault I should never forgive myself—I think my heart would be broken!"

Norah seemed to be less amenable than usual to her friend's pathos, for all the response this affecting speech produced was the peevish remark:

"Meanwhile it's my heart that's broken."

"Norah is becoming an odious young female," thought Coralie, "and the sooner Gertrude bundles out the widow the better it will be."

Yet she could not help feeling a sneaking pity for the girl. If it were true that Gertrude had banished Enniscorthy because of her daughter's youth, while the boy and girl really cared for each other, it was a little hard on them; and, as the American shrewdly told herself, something of a mistake besides. The child ought to have her chance. As Mrs. Jamieson mused she was startled to hear Emerald Lancelot put the very idea into words.

"You shan't break your heart, my darling; you shall have your chance. You shall speak with your Enn this very day, this very moment."

"What do you mean?" The girl's voice rang out, eager, through a certain note of doubt.

"What's his 'phone number?"

"Three six, Windsor. But what are you going to do?"

"Oh, let me manage for you, my beloved child!"

"Emerald, you don't know him well enough to ring him up. And I—I couldn't. He never answered my letter."

"My darling, cannot you trust me?"

Coralie drew a few steps nearer the drawing-room door, that she might peep as well as listen. This was becoming extremely exciting.

She heard the click of the telephone, and then Emerald deliver herself with precision: "Is this the Cavalry Barracks?—Is Lord Enniscorthy in?—Will you kindly tell him to come and speak to me?—Oh, is that you, Lord Enniscorthy? No——" with a return of dulcet archness, "I need not give you my name. I'm speaking for Norah Esdale. You rang her up a little while ago, didn't you?—Hold on."

Emerald here apparently left the telephone, and Coralie rejoiced at the sound of Norah's furious protest: "Emerald, what have you done!—How could you?—How could you?"—Then came the other's voice again: "Oh, don't be a goose! Take your chance, quick, quick," responded the artful widow, giggling softly. And before the eavesdropper, outraged in every instinct of good taste, had time to interfere, Norah was already at the telephone, unable to resist the double pressure of her friend's urging and her own undisciplined desire.

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"Are you there, Enn?—What?——" The receiver dropped from her hand—"He says he didn't ring me up. He's horrid, cross! Oh, what have you done?"

Here both caught sight of Coralie. And while Emerald, paling, strove to keep up an ingratiating smile, Norah burst into loud and angry sobs.

"Oh, hush! My goodness!" cried the American. "Norah, you're just about fit for a nursery cot. And as for you, Mrs. Lancelot," she had hardly ever felt so furious, "I think Providence knew what He was doing when He refrained from sending you that child. Oh, here, don't speak to me! I must put this straight—if you'll only stop howling, Norah.—What's the creature's number?"

She snapped her fingers imperiously in Mrs. Lancelot's direction. The widow, too offended to reply, turned away with an air of dignity that failed lamentably in its effect, while Norah, choking back her sobs, gasped out the required direction, with the piteous supplement:

"Oh, Coralie, don't let him think——" a fresh sob shook her, and she caught her lip with her teeth. Shaken with gusty breaths, trembling and clutching a chair to support herself, she strained for composure during her cousin's efforts to set straight the tangle. Effort indeed is no apt word to describe Mrs. Jamieson's smooth guidance of affairs. In a good cause, as Coralie had already shown, she could dissemble without the smallest pang of conscience and with the most complete inventive ease.

"Is that Lord Enniscorthy? I'm Coralie Jamieson. Oh——," the pretty laugh rippled out, "there's been such a muddle! This is what comes of sending messages. I asked Norah to ring you up, to find out whether my Ernest had been at the mess this morning. And the poor stupid dears here took it into their heads that you were ringing up Norah."

The way she glided over the difficulty, the charming ingenuousness with which falsehood flowed from her, would have convinced a more suspicious soul than that of Lord Enniscorthy.

"So sorry to bother you," went on the purring accents. "My old bear isn't there, you say?—Oh, dear, dear, drat the man!—Didn't you expect him? He certainly said he was going to meet you.—If he does turn up, will you tell him I want him back, most particularly. You won't forget, will you?—Aunt Jane's coming to lunch."

Brilliantly the thought struck her of how she could make use of this simple fact in her tissue of taradiddles.

"He's been too perfectly disgraceful to her. I simply won't have him run away again. You promise to tell him? Thanks. Thank you so much—Good-bye. Why have you never been over to see us?—What? It's really quite unkind to us? Won't you come before we leave—come to-day?—What? On duty? I don't believe it! You're as bad as Ernest. You are just fighting shy of Aunt Jane."

She gurgled musically into the receiver, and with a final "Good-bye" hooked it up. Then she turned round and faced her cousin. For a moment or two they looked at each other. All the gentle mirth that had irradiated Coralie's countenance while manipulating the telephone gave place to an air of great severity, which, however (so ill were Mrs. Jamieson's features adapted to such sentiment), only succeeded in producing in her an expression somewhat similar to that of an angry kitten. The girl, with heaving breast, had passed from stormy tears to outward sullenness. Her heart was aching afresh:

"He won't come. He's on duty; always on duty. He never used to be!"

The humiliation, the sore defeat, swallowed up all sense of gratitude for her saved pride.

"Now," said Coralie at last, "I hope this will be a lesson to you, and that you will give up listening to that hateful second-rate little woman—that disgusting deceitful creature!"

Norah's head went up with a jerk.

"That second-rate little woman, as you call her, is mamma's guest. And as for deceit . . . I should like to know how many lies you told just now,

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with Cousin Ernest sitting this blessed moment in the smoking-room!"

"Well . . . you are an ungrateful little toad! Get yourself out of your own scrapes by yourself next time!" cried Coralie, with the indignation of one whose best actions are misrepresented. "Though, indeed, after the way you speak of your mother——"

"So you were listening!" interrupted Norah, with withering scorn.

"My dear, considering you were yelling at the top of your voice," began Coralie. Then she broke off. It struck her that, although very natural and a relief to the feelings, this display of temper was not wise. Norah was not a character that one could drive; and with the echoes of Mrs. Lancelot's flattery still ringing in her ears, it was scarcely straight-speaking that would prevail.

"Well, if you'll take my advice," she said more gently, "you'll not let your Emerald Fanny act intermediary for you any more with Enniscorthy."

"I don't want her to. I don't want to see him again ever; I don't want to hear his name!"

Thus Norah flared; but, unfortunately for her self-respect, one of those sobs she had forced back with such energy broke bounds uncontrollably once more. With a look at her cousin as if she could have slain the witness of her humiliation, she burst out of the room into the conservatory; and a moment later Coralie saw her tearing across the lawn, like a wild thing, towards the shelter of the woods.

Coralie sat down and, supporting her little pointed chin in the palm of her hand, gave herself up to deep reflection. Once or twice she shook her head, once or twice nibbled her small finger. The problem presented difficulties whichever way she looked at it. Indeed she seemed to be able to come to no satisfactory conclusion.

"If I only knew whether or not the boy cares for her . . .?" Presently she was struck by an idea. Norah was safe in the woods with her love sorrow, poor little girl—it was lesson time—the moment was a good one for pumping Fräulein.

As she knocked at the schoolroom door she was met by the governess in the very act of emerging, tying the brown silk strings of her flat mushroom hat under her chin as she went.

"Oh, Fräulein!" cried Coralie, with her arching smile and her harmless mendacity, "I thought I'd find Norah."

"Ach, no!" cried Trottsky, "the child is not here. Excuse me, Mrs. Jamieson, I have just seen her from the window. I must after her."

"Don't," said Coralie. "It's a lovely day. Can't you give her an hour off lessons?"

The little German hesitated and surveyed her visitor. The small, kind, tired eyes were full of concern; the knobby hands gave the bow under her chin a nervous tweak.

"Ach, Mrs. Jamieson," she began. Then discretion superseded her impulse of confidence, and she continued meekly: "Lady Gertrude does not approve of the child running alone in the woods. It is lesson hour, excuse me."

Coralie saw that to come to the point was here the best diplomacy.

"Do you know, Fräulein," she said, with that smile and undulation which so few could resist, "if I were you I would not go after Norah, just now—I saw her running into the wood too—"—Coralie's candour in disposing of her own inventions had a way of robbing them of any importance—"and I rather think she was crying."

"Ach, my poor little one!" cried Fräulein, clasping her hands.

"And so," pursued the little American, "I *reelly* came to have a little chat with you about her—I don't want to worry her mother, you know," blinked Coralie, "and next to her mother, Fräulein, I feel you are her best friend."

Fräulein Trottmann, who, except on the subject of her own health, was an optimist, had a favourite aphorism, which was: *"Edle Seelen verstehen sich*—noble souls understand each other." In a fairly long life, exposed to the least agreeable side of human nature, she had never found any reason for doubt in this article of faith. And now, after another look at her visitor, she was

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convinced that here was one more proof of it.

"Indeed," she said, eagerly drawing a chair for Mrs. Jamieson and plunging instantly into the very heart of her troubles, "if Norah, poor child, knew her true friends . . ."

Coralie leaped to the inference:

"Head's just turned by flattery," she agreed.

"Mrs. Chamieson," said Trottmann, "that is a false woman—*ein falsches Weib!* That is no companion for the child."

"Well, she'll never come back here once she's gone, that's a comfort."

"Ah, but the child is changed—*schrecklich verändert!*"

Thus elliptically they had proceeded in thorough harmony. But Mrs. Jamieson had not sought the schoolroom to discuss Emerald Fanny. She had a more delicate matter to approach; this was her opening:

"Norah is certainly changed," she said, "but isn't there something besides Mrs. Lancelot's influence at the bottom of it, Fräulein? I told you Norah was crying. I don't think the child is happy."

Fräulein folded her wide mouth into a thin line and wagged her head from side to side:

"You have right, Mrs. Chamieson," she said. Then she compressed her lips again and looked cryptic; but it would have required a stiffer reserve than that of the little Teuton to resist the invitation of Coralie's blue eyes and blinking eyelashes. Out burst the tide of Fräulein's confidences:

"Ach, but it is good to speak, to open the heart to friendly ears. No, *liebe* Mrs. Chamieson, how you have right! My little Norah, I forgive all her badnesses these days, and she has been pad, Mrs. Chamieson," again the head wagged impressively, "for the child, as you say with so much understanding, is unhappy—heart's unhappy. Ever since that day of my dreadful influenza attack, have I not noticed it, my goodness, hour by hour more irritated, more restless, more unlike herself! And what happened on that day?" Fräulein lifted a knobby finger, "the last time she see Lord Enniscorthy alone!"

Coralie leaned forward.

"Oh, do you think . . .?" she thrilled. "I have wondered . . ."

When two noble souls foregather, the value of mere words is inconsiderable; such sympathy is between them that everything lies in look, expression, accent. Fräulein felt she was indeed understood. More than this—rare sensation for a poor little governess—she felt that she was absorbingly interesting. She drew a sucking breath and proceeded with fresh gusto:

"Yes, so it is, Mrs. Chamieson. Ach, I notice; where I love there is nothing escapes my eyes! The young pair were alone together for the last time, and thereafter the happiness of my Norah withers. I was ill; what happened I know not, beyond that he and she ran away for a motor drive, all by themselves. Ach, it was very naughty! But, ach, one light forgives such naughtiness!" Trottsky's face wrinkled into its good smile. "But Lady Gertrude"—she grew grave again—"Lady Gertrude—misunderstand me not, Mrs. Chamieson, for my employer I have veneration—that is an *edle Frau,* Mrs. Chamieson, a noble woman, but she has stern ideas—stern ideas. She was not pleased with Norah—ach, how the little one cried that evening! I heard her close to me, and could not go to her, for I was infectious. Ach, I was very ill; prandy every hour.—Dangerously ill . . . The Doctor said——"

Coralie, perceiving in Fräulein's eyes the fixity of one who gazes upon an enthralling mental picture, skilfully brought her back to the subject under discussion.

"Indeed," she said, gently touching Fräulein's hand, "I heard how ill you were." Then, with her uncanny tact: "We must take great care of you still." (Coralie knew that some people cannot bear to be told they are well.) "So you think Lady Gertrude told Lord Enniscorthy not to come back?"

Fräulein flung out her palms.

"Judge for yourself. He has not been to the schoolroom since, not once, nor even telephoned."

"And before that——"

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"*Ach*, before that, efery day he was here. Letters! Messages! Mrs. Chamieson"—the speaker dropped her voice to a guttural whisper—"I will confide something to you. Ach, you are so sympathetic, kind—I vink!"

"What do you do?" ejaculated Coralie, unable to seize the meaning of these mysterious words. "What do you do, dear Fräulein?"

"I vink—I vink at it. I let him come. It is forbidden; I keep it dark. Ach!" she clasped her hands again, "what a pair! So young, so handsome, so moch in love! And now separated!"

"You do think, then, Lord Enniscorthy loves Norah?"

"Love her," said Trottsky shrilly, oblivious of caution, "love her? He would carry her on his hands—he would, as your Shakespeare so beautifully says, not have the winds of heaven blow upon her. Love her! And who would not have loved her as she was then—so frisch, so child-sweet. . . . But now," the little bony finger went up with its weighty gesture, "already she is changed. Every day she changes more. They are to be kept apart till she is older. When they meet—ach, where will he find her? The Norah he loves he can find no longer."

"Fräulein," said Coralie, "you're as wise as you're darling."

She took the little flat figure into her arms and hugged it.

## CHAPTER X

"No one can do it but me," said Coralie to herself, scornful of grammar; "I'll have to do it."

And yet she was shy of the task she had set herself. Her aunt was not a person to approach with advice; above all, upon a matter where her deepest feelings were concerned. The little American was the only one in her surroundings who even guessed how absorbing a passion was maternal love in Gertrude Esdale's life.

The mistress of Orange Court, a basket on her arm, flower-scissors in her hand, shady hat on her head, was about to make the round of the rosary to collect blooms for the refreshing of her vases. She deputed to none this task of decoration, no more than she deputed the ordering of dinner or the minute supervision of household comforts. Coralie caught up a white parasol, tucked her hand under her hostess's arm and announced her intention of accompanying her.

"When she gets to her fifth rose I'll speak," she decided. And valorously, as an exquisite white blossom was laid into the basket, she began:

"Aunt G., I've just been in the schoolroom—Norah wasn't there. Fräulein says she's dreadfully changed."

Lady Gertrude looked round, her face clouding.

"I know, I know," she said sadly; then, with more reserve, turning again to her rose-tree: "It is a mere girlish phase. It will pass, I trust, with the passing of Emerald Fanny."

"It's nothing to do with Emerald Fanny, *reelly*," answered Coralie in a low voice. "Fräulein thinks—I think, too—it's because of Enniscorthy."

The mother's face became set as in a fair mask of reserve. She folded her lips close, snipped two or three roses in silence, and proceeded to the next tree. There she spoke again:

"I'm glad it's fine, for poor Jane. She does so enjoy coming here."

Coralie felt tempted to accept the snub and hold her peace. But the fellow-feeling of youth for youth, the memory of Norah's sobs, of the girl's miserable, tear-stained face prevailed.

"Fräulein says," she blurted out, "that Enniscorthy is madly in love with her. Oh, Aunt G., she ought to have her chance!"

The listener turned pale under the shadow of her hat; but it was with the sudden, unexpected joy which these words brought to her mother's heart. Yet she was silent, and went on cutting and reaching for boughs, as if the filling of her basket were her only thought. But Coralie was now fairly started.

"Don't think me impertinent, darling Aunt G., but—you have tried to part them, haven't you? Fräulein says you must have given him the hint to stay away. He used to be here every day—Oh, my! here am I letting all the cats out of all the bags! But I know you won't betray me, because it's only for Norah, only for your own dear self I'm telling

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you. Enniscorthy used to come every day to see Norah . . . until that motor escapade of theirs."

Snip, snip, went the scissors. The wielder of them, two paces in front of her companion, scarcely seemed to hear the eager words as they poured forth.

"Norah was breaking her heart this morning, and that little vulgar beast of an Emerald Fanny is her confidante. Aunt G., you ought to make them meet again. What does it matter if she's only a schoolgirl and he only twenty-one. One only meets the right man once in a lifetime."

Lady Gertrude stood with her scissors poised and Coralie fell silent, for the attitude was one of deep reflection. Then the elder woman suddenly wheeled round, took the younger into her arms and gave her one of her deep-hearted kisses. Still in silence she released the slender form and picked up her basket, setting her steps toward the house. They were half-way across the sward when she at last spoke, musingly:

"Some little informal gathering would be the best—an after-dinner dance—fifteen couples or so—impromptu, while you are still with us. To-morrow or Friday? I must find out which day Enniscorthy is off duty."

Coralie dropped her parasol to catch both the speaker's hands and to shake them, basket and all, till half the flowers danced out upon the lawn.

"You're a genius!" she cried, "and if you could only get rid of Emerald Fanny. . . . How long is that creature going to stick? I'll tell you one thing, Aunt G., if she doesn't go soon, Uncle Reginald will. He's about as dead sick of her as a man can be of a woman, and that," Coralie added philosophically, "is just the sickest thing in creation."

Lady Gertrude smiled.

"I think," she said placidly, "that I can make the little dance serve both ends. Oh, my poor flowers!"

Coralie flung herself on her knees to pick them up. It was not till she had amassed the roses and was replacing them in the basket that she realised how absently Lady Gertrude had been wielding her scissors—clusters of infantile buds and scarcely fledged blossoms, whole branches of promise, had fallen to its blades.

"Poor darling," she thought, as she tactfully endeavoured to keep the full-blown blooms to the top, "how she does adore that child! And how odd and silent she is about her!"

There was a labyrinth in the heart unknown even to its owner. Gertrude could hardly have explained why she should have been so frank where her husband's Indian summer madness was concerned and so secretive over her daughter's April love. She treasured in her mother's mind the sacredness of that virginity. Something suffered within her to hear those intimate, delicate emotions discussed even by such kind lips; and yet Coralie's revelation had brought her intense joy. If it were true—and how fain she was to believe it—that Enniscorthy loved her child, it seemed to her that nothing else mattered. It was as if the outlook of misty gloom that lay before her had been suddenly pierced with sunshine, and through rifting clouds a fair prospect of plain and hill and blue sky had burst upon her vision.

Coralie volunteered to settle the flowers, both touched and amused to see her aunt's sublime unconsciousness of her harvest. And Gertrude accepted; she wanted to obtain her husband's concurrence in her plan, she said. The merest *façon de parler,* as both she and Coralie knew, for when Lady Gertrude had made a plan she had very little doubt of being able to carry it through.

Sir Reginald frowned as the rustle of a woman's dress caught his ear; but at sight of his wife he smiled. He was sitting at his writing-table, and there was a pathetic air of weariness about him, an unconscious appeal in the eyes he raised to her.

"Reggie, do you mind my having a tiny impromptu dance for the child to-morrow or Friday?"

"No, my dear, no. Of course not," he was eager to assure her.

She laid her hand on his shoulder. "Just a little festivity before the breaking up of our party. After that it would be nice to be to ourselves, would it not?"

He understood, and every fibre of his bruised sensitiveness responded to the aspiration.

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"It would be heaven," he said in his emphatic way. She pressed his shoulder before withdrawing her touch. He caught her hand and kissed it. Upon a closer demonstration he did not yet venture; but when in return she let her lips rest for a second on his hair, an extraordinary feeling of comfort stole into his heart; a satisfaction so intimate and sweet that not the most tender moments with Emerald Fanny could compare to it.

"Ah, here is Jane!" cried Lady Gertrude, as a fluttering silhouette passed by the window. "Poor Jane, she must have taken the town omnibus—I did not expect her so early, and meant to send the car to meet her."

Sir Reginald cursed Jane silently. Another moment he would have had his wife in his arms.

## CHAPTER XI

Norah and Mrs. Lancelot came in to lunch, as usual, linked together, "like the Siamese twins," as Coralie contemptuously told herself. They were, indeed, if anything, more affectionate than usual—the result of that falling out which all the more endears . . . for the moment. Norah had passionately reproached her friend for having persuaded her to the telephone wire. And in the heat of her argument the words, "a mean and vulgar trick," had escaped her. No sooner spoken, however, than repented of before the moan that fell from the widow's lips, the brimming eye that, like that of the doe at bay, mutely spoke the heart's anguish.

"Oh, Emerald, I didn't mean it," had stammered the girl, aghast at her own cruelty. Then Emerald's tears had fallen, slow gathering, slow dripping. And, in a broken voice, exquisitely gentle, in contrast to her friend's high tones, she had defended herself—defended herself in the ablest possible manner, by apology, by self-accusation. She had been at her wits' end how to help her darling. She had thought that all would be right between them—them signifying Norah and Enniscorthy—could he but once hear the sound of her voice again. . . . She saw now that she had been foolish, thoughtless! She was so sorry; oh, so sorry! Indeed, she was not one to bring luck to others. She would never strive to help even one she loved so dearly again. Everything she touched failed. Broken, broken life . . . lonely, heart-weary! Oh! (Her face was hidden in her hands and she was sobbing now.) She would take her shadow quickly out of Norah's young life. Norah, born for happiness, brilliance, power. . . . She, for sorrow, solitude, failure and despair.

Needless to say that by this time Norah's arms were about the forlorn one, Norah's lips were imploring pardon, vowing eternal affection with every persuasive word and kiss.

Both therefore had the traces of tears on their countenances—in Mrs. Lancelot's case an interesting pallor heightened by *blanc de Ninon* and artfully shadowed eyelids; in Norah's, frankly swollen lids and frankly reddened nose.

Every one had the tact to avoid comment except poor Lady Challoner, whose kind heart was distressed by the evidence of trouble on her niece's usually spring-bright face.

Fortunately her attention was diverted by the thrilling interest of making Emerald Fanny's acquaintance. At first the name excited an alarming flood of reminiscence; fortunately, no one but Coralie was able to follow the rambling utterances.

"So Chiaro Scuro was wrong there!" she cried, hugging herself. "It wasn't Emily, after all. You're not Emily, really," she asked, turning her pale, innocent eyes earnestly upon Mrs. Lancelot. "Dear me, no, of course not!"

She quailed under the vindictive glance with which the widow met the inquiry. And, hugging herself more energetically than ever, lost the thread of her first idea.

"But wasn't it wonderful and delightful he should have been so right about Tuesdays and wheels? Of course I don't mean delightful; you had an accident, dear Coralie. But it is a satisfaction to know that the spirits cannot be wrong. Isn't it?—And he said that emeralds would have such an influence——" She stole a frightened look across the table at the widow, who, with her own eyes better under control, now regarded her sweetly back. "I wonder did he mean the name or the

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stone? It's such a lovely stone! Oh, has anything happened about emeralds in this house?"

"Hock," said the General fiercely to the butler. "Jane, will you have hock?"

"Yes," interpolated Lady Gertrude in her pleasant matter-of-fact tone, "Reginald and I have given Mrs. Lancelot a collar with emeralds, which, we are glad to think, she likes. She will show it to you after lunch. And, strange to say, Jane, it was lost in the motor accident, and there was a tremendous excitement till it was found. So your prophet was right in two instances."

But Jane, with the uncanny sharpness which frequently accompanies a slight weakness of intellect, here turned her gaze in a perfect flutter of anxiety upon Sir Reginald. It wasn't Gertrude who had given emeralds to the little white-faced widow opposite her, with those eyes that could look angry and sweet all in a moment—it was Gertrude's husband. And it was very wrong. Jane had a husband herself; she would not like Caractacus, she meant Challoner, to do such a thing! (It required indeed an imagination as far-stretching as Jane's to conjure up such a contingency! But Jane did so and with quite agitating results.) She was a wife herself; she knew that Gertrude could not like it. And now, in her inchoate mind, the rags and tags of half-forgotten information began to rise and flutter like bits of straw in a wind. She remembered the discussion in her mother's bedroom; the horrible revelations concerning Sir Reginald and a widow. The prophesied danger; the evil results of Gertrude's folly in inviting her under her roof. Not least, the psychic one's cryptic warnings.

Gertrude saw the emotions that passed over her sister's countenance—the wild roll of Jane's eyes from Mrs. Lancelot's to the General; and, even as Lady Challoner opened her lips to speak, she intervened:

"I am thinking of being very festive the day after to-morrow.—Norah, you don't know what is in store for you. Your first dance! Yes, my dear, here, and quite impromptu and informal of course—to suit your years and the suddenness of the idea. Enniscorthy has promised," she looked down as she spoke, but she felt Norah's start, knew without seeing the flush and quick lightening of the young downcast face. "Enniscorthy has promised to bring all the dancing youth we want. And you, child, can ask all your girl friends."

She looked now, smiling, at her daughter. It was to find that, in her joy, the girl was clasping the widow's hand. The mother went on smoothly; yet it was perhaps this last discovery, insignificant as it appeared, that lent the cold note to her voice, seeming to point to the fact that, under all her courtesy, it was notice of dismissal she was delivering:

"We hope, Mrs. Lancelot, that you will see your way to stay on till Saturday, that we may have you at our little dance."

Emerald's hand contracted on Norah's. She flung a look at Sir Reginald. Only a few days ago, how sure an appeal that would have been. What met her now was an air of politeness, determinedly misunderstanding, and the words perfunctory and bland:

"No, indeed, we cannot let you go before the dance."

"No, indeed," echoed Norah, apparently heartlessly indifferent to the thought of her friend's departure. "It will be such fun!—Oh mammy, mammy darling!"

Her eyes were sparkling. She had quite unconsciously withdrawn her fingers from Emerald's touch.

"Little ungrateful cat!" thought Mrs. Lancelot, feeling upon every side the blighting bitterness of ingratitude.

Into Jane's faded orbs had come a pathetic reflection of Norah's joy.

"A dance," she murmured. "Oh, dear Gertrude, how delightful!" She shook herself and turned wistfully to Coralie, obliquely murmuring, "I have not been to a dance for many years. And my trousseau pink satin dress is quite good still, the one with the gold embroideries, you know."

Gertrude overheard, as indeed she was meant to do. And leaning forward, she fixed her sister with a look of kindness, almost of tenderness:

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"Yes, Jane dear, you will have to come and stay the night for it. And I am sure the pink satin will look beautiful."

"Oh—" cried Jane, clasping her thin hands in rapture. "If Caractacus would only let me have the pearls!"

"Caractacus!" echoed Lady Gertrude with a laugh. Her heart was light within her, light as it had not been for days.

"She means Uncle Challoner," giggled Coralie.

"Oh, is Lord Challoner called Caractacus?—What an interesting name!" commented Mrs. Lancelot.

"No, no," said Jane, "that's not his real name. Dear me, did I say Caractacus? I meant Challoner, of course. It was Caractacus in a previous existence."

"Who?" asked Norah, who with upbounding spirits found all the schoolgirl amusement in laughing at "poor Aunt Jane." "Was Uncle Challoner your husband in a previous existence, too?"

"No, dear, no. Not Challoner. . . . Caractacus was—" her eyes grew distraught. She pushed the wisp of hair from her forehead with feverish hands. —What dreadful thing might she be led to say before the child? Really psychic communications were extraordinarily thrilling, but one never quite knew where one was as to morality.

"Caractacus," said Coralie, coming gaily to the rescue, "is Aunt J.'s earth spirit.—You needn't grunt at me, Ernest, it's *puffectly* true. I've personally made the acquaintance of Caractacus; and he's a very remarkable person. He's very much interested in Aunt J."

(*To be continued*)

# THE CASUAL READER

**Magazine Early Birds.**

In a recent issue I referred to the assurance of many magazine contributors that the country's moral sense was still in motion, as the result of the "literature of exposure" and a certain seismic presidential term. I questioned the rapidity of this "new movement" and expressed a doubt that anything very unusual had happened to us even at the time of extreme magazine propulsion, anything, that is to say, of a convulsive nature at all comparable to the paroxysms of those same magazines. Yet if we were not morally shaken, we were at least interested in a good many of the topics of shame which a year or so ago were undergoing exposure, and there were tales of several cities running in the popular magazines at that time of which we should like now to read the sequels. The sudden cessation of magazine exposure was, I think, apart from moral grounds, rather a literary injustice. A picaresque romance of gangs and bosses would run through three numbers of a magazine, then stop as suddenly as a trust prosecution. I acquired at the time quite a taste for corrupt aldermen, but the means of gratifying it were soon abruptly denied. Whatever became of those interesting rascals? And how fared it with St. George and the Dragon —and that affair between Ormuzd and Ahriman (pronounced in the magazines Harriman), how did it turn out? Often the best things happened after the serial had ceased. That much I could gather from newspaper despatches (tantalising bits, no real story), but search *Poole's Index* as I would I could find no magazine narrator resuming the thread of his plot. The latest graft trial in San Francisco has, for example, according to the newspapers, a court record of four million words, a mine of "vital human interest," moral throbs and devilry—better material than went to the making of the whole San Francisco corruption magazine series down to the day it stopped. Assassination, suicide, perjuries and plots, theft of documents, bribing and out-bribing, corruption never so thick, lying never more ample—what more could one wish? Yet not one good consecutive magazine story of it in a year—San Francisco's best year for literary purposes. Observe that this

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criticism is merely literary, as befits the pages of this magazine. Let others take the civic measure of those magazine reformers, early moral minute-men, muckrakers, demi-socialists, whatever they were called. I dare say it may have been reform, for all it looks now so much like flirtation. I blame them here only as traitors to the common curiosity, who from having overdone many beginnings cheated us out of some very interesting consequences.

And what befell the reformers themselves? Apparently the republic has forgotten even the names of its famous muckrakers. No one seems to know what they have been doing since. Swallowed up somewhere in popular magazinedom, deeply absorbed doubtless, but in what diverse things? It is an idle speculation, but I have often tried to figure to myself what some typical muckraker has probably been up to since "graft" became obsolete for magazine uses, though lively enough elsewhere. I can guess him only from his magazine's contents. Perhaps he was caught first in that timely balloon ascension. Perhaps he took a turn next with the negro problem or with Abraham Lincoln when those two topics plunged again into the "public eye." Perhaps the Emmanuel Movement drew him. Call anything a Movement and he would be likely to try and run with it a little way. He must have made several dabs at Prohibition as it fell in and out of the "public eye." The accident to the "public eye" occurs, by the way, very systematically in popular magazine journalism and must not be confounded with the burning of questions. A "burning question" may not appear for two or three numbers and it seldom burns for more than four; whereas the "public eye" is continuously getting people and things in it, being an astonishingly open feature that never blinks for man or insect. Probably most muckrakers went straight into public eye work, taking things just as they came—aeroplanes, poets' birthdays, the direct primary, benzoate of soda, woman's suffrage, war on house flies—happy in a variety that conformed to a natural coquetry of intellect. A few deeper natures preferred no doubt the slower round of the "burning question" —Is New York sufficiently religious?— How about a college education? Even this seems giddy enough. Fancy a life that hangs precariously on the first blushes of "burning questions," if I may mix a few figures of speech. Think of the danger of becoming interested, of carrying last year's enthusiasm over into this, of the hair-breadth escapes from last month's deepest convictions. There is always the risk that a man may retain some rational continuity of interest, utterly out of place in a popular magazine, likely, indeed, to wreck it. An ex-muckraker must have successfully dropped at least fifty subjects in the last two years just in the nick of time to save their becoming food for reflection. As I said before I do not know the life, but am merely guessing at it from the magazines. It seems a hazardous sort of intellectual wild life not without a curious interest. It is odd that no one should have thought of tracing the course of some muckraker since he disappeared.

But cock-crow journalism has at least a cheerful meaning to those who practise it, endowed, as they doubtless are, with temperaments of tough fibre and good spring, dominating routine, disguising perfunctoriness, looking forward to new subjects as to meals, sure of an appetite. Nor can it be denied that a buoyant enough mind may experience all the excitements of epoch-making, even when merely taking notes on the accouchement of the present moment. And if there is no great zest for the present subject there is always the joy of escaping the one before, and above all there is the sense of motion, of new births, new dawns, new movements, signs of the times, moral awakenings, sentimental earthquakes, and the general mountainous parturition of the mouse-like little particular. Not such a bad life after all —perhaps as good as journalism has to offer—and if one could by wishing transform himself into a successful writer he might do worse than change places with one of these same volatile reformers, punctual seers and quick forgetters, who can always have an early morning feeling

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no matter what the time of day—glad hearts bursting with important moral announcements, like canary-birds whose song hails with equal rapture the breaking of day and the running of the sewing machine.

Most writers for the press have no such luck, being as a rule the victims of forced labour, unable to conceal its perfunctoriness even from themselves, thus sharing to some degree in the ennui they produce, which is never true of your bouncing reformer. Observe the manifest mental reluctance with which they approach required subjects, as when some famous person dies. There was for example the vast body of obligatory writing about Meredith. Never again shall we see so many incompatible minds busy with George Meredith as during the brief period just closed, when by the burial custom of the press he became a "timely topic." Thousands of "estimates and appreciations," looking for the most part like black rosettes. Whose were the tired hands that made them? There is sometimes shown in undertakers' windows the strange word "pinking," of whose meaning I have never been quite sure. Perhaps "pinking" includes the writing of estimates and appreciations. No doubt it is organised like other trades. It would account for much in the literary criticism of the day, identities of pattern, identities of filigree, if it could be traced to some organised trade group, a united order of pinkers, or something of the sort. Surely men would not write of one another as they do unless they were organised, regulated, socially fused, personally obliterated in one way or another, subdued as men that they might pull together as pinkers. There is certainly no such common accord in human nature as appeared in print on the subject of Meredith, especially in that sad matter of Meredith's "obscurity." There is a luminous passage in *Beauchamp's Career,* showing the true effects of this obscurity on incompatible minds. It refers to Carlyle's obscurity, but it applies as well to much of Meredith's own.

**Meredith's Obscurity**

His favourite author was one writing of Heroes in (so she esteemed it) a style resembling either early architecture or utter dilapidation, so loose and rough it seemed; a wind-in-the-orchard style, that tumbled down here and there an appreciable fruit with uncouth bluster; sentences without commencements running to abrupt endings and smoke, like waves against a sea-wall, learned dictionary words giving a hand to street slang, and accents falling on them haphazard, like slant rays from driving clouds; all the pages in a breeze, the whole book producing a kind of electrical agitation in the mind and the joints. This was the effect on the lady. To her the incomprehensible was the abominable, for she had her country's high critical feeling; but he, while he could not quite master it, liked it. He had dug the book out of a bookseller's shop in Malta, captivated by its title, and had, since the day of his purchase, gone at it again and again, getting nibbles of golden meaning by instalments, as with a solitary pick in a very dark mine, until the illumination of an idea struck him that there was a great deal more in the book than there was in himself. This was sufficient to secure the devoted attachment of the young Mr. Beauchamp. Rosamund sighed with apprehension to think of his unlikeness to boys and men among his countrymen in some things. Why should he hug a book he owned he could not quite comprehend? He said he liked a bone in his mouth; and it was natural wisdom, though unappreciated by women. A bone in a boy's mind for him to gnaw and worry, corrects the vagrancies and promotes the healthy activities, whether there be marrow in it or not. Supposing it furnishes only dramatic entertainment in that usually vacant tenement, or powder-shell, it will be of service.

A more variable quantity than Meredith's obscurity would be hard to name. One would suppose no two honest men could bring back the same report of it. So, too, of his messages, teachings, derivations. He was a centrifugal force, sending minds about their business.

We will make no mystery about it. I would I could. Those happy tales of mystery are as much my envy as the popular narratives of the deeds of bread and cheese people, for they both create a tideway in the attentive mind; the mysterious pricking our credulous flesh to creep, the familiar urging our obese imaginations to constitutional exercise. And oh, the

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refreshment there is in dealing with characters either contemptibly beneath us or supernaturally above! My way is like a Rhone Island in the summer drought, stony, unattractive, difficult between the two forceful streams of the unreal and the over-real, which delight mankind—honour to the conjurors! My people conquer nothing, win none; they are actual, yet uncommon. It is the clockwork of the brain that they are directed to set in motion—and poor troops of actors to vacant benches!—the conscience residing in thoughtfulness which they would appeal to; and if you are there impervious to them, we are lost: back I go to my wilderness, where, as you perceive, I have contracted the habit of listening to my own voice more than is good.

And the wilderness is merely that hinterland of larger natures where at first a few build huts claiming squatter sovereignty, but where later almost any of us may comfortably settle down.

❧

**Philosophy in the Open**

A great many other ill-qualified persons have had their say about Pragmatism, so why not I? To be sure, I cannot settle offhand the question, What is Truth?—at least not so completely but that a doubt may linger in some minds after I have spoken. But though I shall not insist on my authority as a metaphysican, I do set up as a connoisseur of word-battles, with rather a pretty taste, never having missed, so far as I recall, any chance to overhear a literary altercation. Speaking, therefore, as an amateur of these savage spectacles, as a student of bitterness and rancour, of the lie given and returned, of the evasion, the cross-purpose, the word-trap, the moral bomb-shell, and the harsh laugh of logical supremacy, I do not hesitate to class the pragmatist polemics, in all that pertains to the noble art of wrangling, among the very best of recent misunderstandings. It is not too technical. Of course, if the anti-pragmatist really set out to find what the pragmatist was about, it might be difficult for us to follow, but philosophers fight like other men, and combat is not interpretation. They had rather thump a pragmatist than explain him, and quite right, too, and most fortunate for us outsiders, for a thump is easier than an explanation. That is why we simple folk may, without impropriety, attend these pragmatistic encounters, for controversies are never philosophic even when philosophy is the theme; and when once the philosopher loses his head there remains nothing about him that need abash a common person.

❧

Anti-pragmatism has recently won some remarkable verbal triumphs. The following passage occurs in Professor James B. Pratt's newly published lectures on *What is Pragmatism?*

> And now, to make matters perfectly clear, let us apply to this radical pragmatic meaning of truth the same illustration which was used in the preceding lecture to bring out the exact meaning of the correspondence theory. Poor Peter, you will remember, has a toothache, and John, who is thinking about his friend, has an idea that Peter has a toothache. As for the pragmatist the truth of an idea means its "efficient working," its "satisfactoriness," "the process of verification," the truth of John's idea will "consist in" its satisfactoriness to John, in its efficient working, in its verifying itself. If it works, if it harmonises with John's later experiences of Peter's actions, if it leads in a direction that is worth while, it is true (a statement to which, indeed, all might assent), and its truth consists in this working, this harmony, this verification process. John's thought, the pragmatist insists, *becomes* true only when it has worked out successfully, only when his later experience confirms it by being consistent with it—for remember truth is not verifiability, but the process of verification. "Truth happens to an idea. *It becomes* true, is *made* true by events." At the time when John had the thought about Peter the thought was *neither true nor false,* for the process of verification had not yet begun, nothing had as yet happened to the idea. *It becomes* true, is *made* true by events." as John thought, but, all the same, John's thought was not true. It did not become true until several hours afterward—in fact, we may suppose, not until Peter, having cured his toothache, told John about it. The thought, "Peter has a toothache," thus as it happens, turns out not to have been true while Peter actually had the toothache, and to have become true only after he had ceased to have a toothache.

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In like manner, a writer in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review* makes short work of Dr. Schiller's essay on the Ambiguity of Truth—

> The reader who will, throughout this essay on the ambiguity of truth, substitute "butter" for "truth" and "margarine" for "falsehood," will find that the point involved is one which has no special relevance to the nature of truth. There is "butter as claim," i.e., whatever the grocer calls butter; this, we will suppose, includes margarine. There is "butter validated," which is butter that, after the usual tests, has been found not to be margarine. But there is no ambiguity in the word "butter." When the grocer, pointing to the margarine, says, "This is butter," he means by "butter" precisely what the customer means when he says, "This is not butter." To argue from the grocer's language that "butter" has two meanings, one of which includes margarine, while the other does not, would be obviously absurd. Similarly when the rash man, without applying any tests, affirms "this belief is true," while the prudent man, after applying suitable tests, judges "this belief is not true," the two men mean the same thing by the word "true," only one of them applies it wrongly. Thus Dr. Schiller's reasons for regarding "the specific character of the truth-predication" as unimportant are not valid.

The spirit of these remarks is plain to the least technical of observers. It is not philosophy; it is war. No man in philosophic mood would ever have contrived that toothache pitfall; he would have doubted rather his own understanding. He would have consulted with pragmatists in advance—it was clearly a matter for consultation—and told them what a turn they had given him, how they seemed to say that if Peter had a toothache and John said so, John lied, but, of course, they could not mean it, and would they kindly explain what they did mean? And so of the *Edinburgh* man—he would have gone straight to Dr. Schiller with his butter question, more in curiosity than in hatred, and asked for a plain statement of the pragmatist view of the butter-margarine relation, which is, I believe, Butter is as butter does. By going to Dr. Schiller with his dilemma he could easily have had both horns of it removed, but he did not wish to do so. He wished to retain them for purposes of impalement. There you have the spirit of the conflict. When the battle mood is on him, one does not wish to understand the foeman. Time spent in understanding is time lost in battle, and no good word-fighter will ever seek an enemy's meaning when there are verbal shifts by which that enemy can be proved insane.

**The Wounds of Patriotism**

It has been said that the peculiar sensitiveness of Americans to any form of foreign criticism, regardless of its source, is fast passing away, but observe the unmistakably vengeful tone of this paragraph in a recent issue of the *Springfield Republican:*

> Mrs. Elinor Glyn's observations of America are now in matured and permanent form. The kindness and amiability of her remarks in general may be inferred from what she says about her own sex in this dreadful country: "The faces of the women seem pasty and . . . look as if they lived a good deal in the dark." Her most important discovery about the men was that "every man works just like our middle class." Clearly, Mr. Roosevelt did a good day's work when he snubbed Mrs. Elinor Glyn by refusing to invite her to a White House dinner.

As a matter of fact, many of our newspapers have not changed their attitude in the slightest degree. Almost any sort of foreigner can still prick these patriots to retort. They resent the criticism even of the feeble-minded, and they ransack books that are quite too dull to read, apparently for the sole purpose of finding an excuse for patriotic exasperation. To "observations" like this of Mrs. Elinor Glyn the natural response of the human mind is apathy. It may be that she met only pale women and busy men; or it may be that on meeting her all the women turned pale and all the men pleaded business; but it is something that it is unnatural ever to wish to know because it is profoundly uninteresting. Yet these things not only reach the journalistic mind; they rankle in it. Newspaper patriotism is like a canker on the tongue, hunting always for a ragged tooth to brush against. In the opinion of

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the *Springfield Republican* it is not only possible for Mrs. Elinor Glyn to be kind or unkind to this country as a whole, but it even matters which she is. One might suppose that so long as there remained one potato-bug in Chicopee the *Republican* could spare no time to literary visitants of this class. But our way with our "observers" is still the wonder of the world.

Nevertheless there are signs that our press as a whole is a little less watchful of criticism than it used to be. It does not reply to quite every one. It no longer defends us against the *Saturday Review* or the *London Academy,* or even clips the cruel passages. Yet the wrath of both these papers is of the traditional quality, sound in wind and fury and of true British sweep and certitude, the very sort of writing that used invariably to provoke retort. The *Saturday Review* continues to call us a nation of swindlers, and Lord Alfred Douglas of the *Academy* is indefatigable, insulting "America" as no grand division of the earth's surface was ever insulted before. In the old days they would not have escaped detection. Apparently there is now a degree of personal insignificance that will shelter even a hostile Briton from rebuke, and I believe the time is slowly approaching when foreign mediocrity may attack this country with the utmost fury and escape unscathed. Another sign of our growing negligence was the publication last year of *American Sketches* by Mr. Charles Whibley. It was little noticed by our press and did not even appear in an American edition, although it was quite severe. Mr. Whibley was disappointed in Niagara Falls, disgusted with our use of the word "commutation," shocked by Chicago, bored in Boston, discomfited in short by almost everything to which he was not accustomed. Wherever he went he carried the pride of maladjustment, the solemn British joy of incomprehension. It is a book that would have inflamed many patriots and perhaps gone through several American editions in the brave days of old. To-day, I believe, I am its only reader, and I am too lukewarm a patriot to blame any man for being shocked by Chicago or bored in Boston. There is merely a literary objection to writings of this class: they are the products of minds incapable of adventure. This probably accounts for the occasional lapse of newspaper patriotism. It does not pursue quite every volume of American "impressions." It will occasionally overlook an enemy that Nature has been at some pains to conceal.

**A Momentary Elevation**

It is not often that I rise, in these columns, to appreciable heights of moral grandeur, but I intend to do so now, having read those addresses to the senior class in the newspapers, and having but just now emerged from a fairly typical alumni dinner. I stand before you to-day, Mr. President, brother alumni and distinguished guests, brimming with the spirit of your recent addresses. I, too, have my generalities and my truisms, and it will do you no harm to listen in your turn to my somewhat nasal moral singsong. Through a chain of flowery Junes, reaching far beyond the memory of men now living, may be traced both the form and the substance of your speeches. For no law of nature seems more sure than this great law of Commencement gravitation, whereby it is ruled that the heavy bodies of like distinguished sons shall fall in like manner upon their subjects. Such is the force of tradition, and this is the tradition of June, that for many days the minds of our youth shall be soused in the cant of their elders and a land already drugged with optimism shall again be overdosed. But a time-honoured tradition, gentlemen, is not necessarily a good tradition, as we know from that most ancient and best beloved of human institutions, the lie. Here let us pause to consider the peril concealed in what may be called American college platform English, that is to say, the large, loose, general and roseate language you have just employed. It is ambiguous; there is room in it, alas! for wicked things. Your alma mater has grown richer; so has the lie. She has a larger entering class than in any past year of her history; so has the lie. She has added several

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new courses, each with an endowed professorship; so has that older but no less progressive institution—that incomparable alma mater by your own tests of alma-maternity, for are not her alumni the most numerous, the most glorious and the most loyal of them all? For the tests are still only success and numbers. Still that doxology of success and numbers. Still after fifty Junes the young man "going forth into the world" may learn from his oratorical elders only the piety of success and the wisdom of numbers. The "plain people" still perceive that your Commencement exhortation will, after drawing off the water, yield only that. I rise for one moment on the backbone of this republic to inquire, Is this well?

*F. M. Colby.*

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# THE BOOK MART

## READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

### BELLES-LETTRES

*William Briggs*

Essays: Literary, Critical and Historical. By Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D.

The essays which make up this volume are as follows: "A Study of Tennyson's 'Princess';" "Poetry and History Teaching Falsehood;" "The Study and Interpretation of Literature;" "The Degradation of Scholarship;" "The Italian Renaissance and the Popes of Avignon." With the exception of "Degradation of Scholarship" these essays have appeared during the past few years in the *American Catholic Review* and *Champlain Educator.*

*Small, Maynard and Company:*

Wild Pastures. By Winthrop Packard.

A series of nature essays which originally appeared in the *Boston Evening Transcript.* Mr. Packard tells of a summer's wanderings in wild New England pastures.

### VERSE

*Broadway Publishing Company:*

The Revellers. The Choruses of the Bacchai of Euripides and The Third Book of Lucretius. Translated into English Verse by Rev. R. E. McBride, A.M.

Being translations of two interesting portions of ancient literature.

*Henrietta E. Bromwell (Denver, Colo.):*

The Song of the Wahbeek. A Poem. By Henry Pelham Holmes Bromwell.

Besides the long poem, "The Song of the Wahbeek," which tells of the life of a people who occupied the country before the coming of the Indians, there are eight short miscellaneous poems.

*J. H. Furst Company (Baltimore, Md.):*

The Poésies Divèrses of Antoine Furetière. **Edited with Introduction, Notes and Glossary by Isabelle Bronk.**

**Being a partial reprint from the edition of 1664. The introduction has been divided into four parts, as follows: "Sketch of Furetière's Life;" "The Poésies Divèrses;" "Furetières's Other Poetical Works;" and "Furetière and Boileau."**

*John P. Morton and Company (Louisville, Ky.):*

A Miracle of St. Cuthbert and Sonnets. By R. E. Lee Gibson.

The poem is based on an old English legend which tells of the loss and subsequent recovery of a valuable copy of the Gospels, written in honour of St. Cuthbert. In addition to this title poem there are about seventy-five sonnets.

*G. P. Putnam's Sons:*

Ad Miriam. By Frederick Houk Law.

A collection of one hundred short poems.

*Sherman, French and Company:*

Saint Peter. By Richard Arnold Greene.

This poem treats of some of the trials and experiences of Saint Peter.

### ART, MUSIC, DRAMA

*The Baker and Taylor Company:*

The Orchestral Instruments and What They Do. A Primer for Concert-Goers. By Daniel Gregory Mason.

The author's aim here is to "assist the concert-goer in recognising the various orchestral instruments, both by sight and by hearing, and to stimulate his perception of the thousand and one beauties of orchestral colouring.

*Broadway Publishing Company:*

The Spirit of the Woods. By Edward Gruse.

A comedy in five acts.

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*Henry Holt and Company:*

The German Drama of the Nineteenth Century. By Dr. Georg Witkowski, Professor in the University of Leipzig. Authorised Translation from the Second German Edition. By L. E. Horning.

The book is divided into five headings, representing chronologically the distinct periods which marked German dramatic literature during the nineteenth century: "The German Drama at the End of the Eighteenth Century;" "The German Drama from 1800-1830;" "The German Drama from 1830-1885;" "The German Drama from 1885-1900;" and "The Product of the Century." Kleist, Grillparzer, Hebbel, Ludwig, Wildenbruch, Sudermann, Hauptmann, and minor dramatists receive attention.

*G. P. Putnam's Sons:*

Plays. The Silver Box. Joy. Strife. By John Galsworthy.

The last-mentioned play, *Strife,* has recently been produced in London and will shortly be seen on the American stage.

## MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

*Houghton, Mifflin Company:*

The Autobiography of Nathaniel Southgate Shaler. With a Supplementary Memoir by his Wife.

An account of the interesting life of Professor Shaler, a man prominent in science and education. A Kentuckian by birth, he came to Harvard in the period just preceding the Civil War. Later he served in the Union Army and then as Professor of Geology in Harvard University and as Dean of the Lawrence Scientific School.

*The Macmillan Company:*

My Memoirs. By Alexandre Dumas. Translated by E. M. Waller. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang.

Volume VI completes the set and covers the period from 1832-1833.

*Charles Scribner's Sons:*

William Blake. By Basil De Selincourt.

Embracing the latest and most exhaustive researches and containing many new conclusions concerning Blake of great literary and artistic importance. The work includes chapters on Blake's "Life," "His Secret," "His Conception of Love," "His Madness," "His Theories of Art," "Blake the Artist," etc. There are forty full-page reproductions of Blake's most famous pictures.

*The Young Churchman Company:*

Grant, the Man of Mystery. By Colonel Nicholas Smith.

The volume is dedicated to "the memory of Ulysses S. Grant and to the soldiers and sailors of the Grand Army of the Republic." It gives an account of the life of the man as a soldier and as a statesman.

## RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

*Samuel A. Bloch (Chicago, Ill.):*

The New Ethics. By J. Howard Moore, Instructor in Zoology, Crane Manual Training High School, Chicago.

A revised edition.

*Dodd, Mead and Company:*

What Is Physical Life? Its Origin and Nature. By William Hanna Thomson, M.D., LL.D.

Dr. Thomson treats his subject under the following chapter headings: "The Darwinian and Other Theories About Physical Life;" "Reproduction and Heredity;" "The Unicellular Microorganisms the Oldest and Still the Largest Division of the Living Kingdom;" "The Metazoa, or the Multicellular Forms of Life;" "The Great Food Question;" "Adaptations;" and "As to Ourselves."

*B. W. Dodge and Company:*

Are the Dead Alive? The Problem of Psychical Research that the World's Leading Scientists are Trying to Solve, and the Progress They Have Made. By Fremont Rider.

A popular review of recent progress in psychical research in part founded on a series of articles which has appeared during the past winter in the *Delineator.* Mr. Rider says that he presents no theory and takes no side, but tries only to give a selection of typical observed facts and certain unbiased inferences which may logically be drawn from them. To this volume have been contributed statements of their personal belief by Sir Oliver Lodge, Count Leo Tolstoi, Dr. Cesare Lombroso, Dr. V. Maxwell, Professor William Barrett, William T. Stead, Andrew Lang, Sir William Crookes, Dr. Charles Richet, Dr. Filippo Bottazzi, Camille Flammarion, Professor William James, and Others.

*R. F. Fenno and Company:*

A B C of Philosophy. By Grace F. Landsberg.

The author states that she has not written her book for scholars, but for those who in some cases would be glad to, and in all cases should, have some notions on so important a subject as Philosophy. She pronounces it nothing more than a school book, a primer, or the A B C of Philosophy.

*Funk and Wagnalls Company:*

The Home of the Soul. By Charles Wagner. Translated from the French by Laura

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Sanford Hoffmann. With an Introduction by Lyman Abbott, D.D., LL.D.

This is the first volume issued by Mr. Wagner since he established in Paris an institution for religious culture which he has named "The Home of the Soul." Mr. Wagner has aimed to establish a dwelling warm and hospitable, for those who have, or seek to acquire a soul truly spiritual. This new book contains the bulk of the messages he has delivered to his congregation.

*Harper and Brothers:*

The Ether of Space. By Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S.

In the Library of Living Thought. In a brief preface the author writes, "Investigation of the nature and properties of the Ether of Space has long been for me the most fascinating branch of Physics, and I welcome the opportunity of attempting to make generally known the conclusions to which I have so far been led on this great and perhaps inexhaustible subject."

*Little, Brown and Company:*

The Harvest Within. Thoughts on the Life of the Christian. By A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D., Captain, U. S. Navy.

The underlying theme of this work is the mystical relation of the individual life of the Christian man, and the corporate life of the Christian Church, to the life of God in Jesus Christ. The subject is treated under the following headings: "Power;" "Likeness;" "Intercourse;" "Fulfilment;" "Hope;" and "The Practical in Christianity."

*Longmans, Green and Company:*
(*For Columbia University.*)

An Introduction to the Sources Relating to the Germanic Invasions. By Carlton Huntley Hayes, Ph.D.

Transportation and Industrial Development in the Middle West. By William F. Gephart, Ph.D.

Social Reform and the Reformation. By Jacob Salwyn Schapiro, Ph.D.

Responsibility for Crime. An Investigation of the Nature and Causes of Crime and a Means of its Prevention. By Philip A. Parsons, Ph.D.

The Conflict Over Judicial Powers. In the United States to 1870. By Charles Grove Haines, Ph.D.

A Study of the Population of Manhattanville. By Howard Brown Woolston, Ph.D.

Studies in History, Economics and Public Law. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University.

*Charles E. Merrill Company:*

The Mental Man. An Outline of the Fundamentals of Psychology. By Gustav Gottlieb Wenzlaff, M.A.

Written from the point of view, not of the schoolmaster or theorist, but of a student and close observer of the human mind in its various states and workings. While written primarily as a text-book for schools and colleges, *The Mental Man* affords profitable reading for summer schools, teachers' institutes, reading circles, etc.

*Moffat, Yard and Company:*

The Power of Self-Suggestion. By Rev. Samuel McComb, D.D.

Originally delivered by the author as a lecture. It is now issued in book form in the "hope that it may prove useful in helping some to know the power of a larger life."

*G. P. Putnam's Sons:*

No Refuge but in Truth. By Goldwin Smith.

Second edition, enlarged. In this volume, which pertains to religious faith, the author treats of such subjects as "Man and His Destiny;" "New Faith Linked with Old;" "The Limit of Evolution;" "The Immortality of the Soul;" "Is There to be a Revolution in Ethics?" and "The Religious Situation."

*Fleming H. Revell Company:*

The Apostle of Alaska. The Story of William Duncan of Metlakahtla. By John W. Arctander, LL.D.

Being an account of the work and experiences of the missionary, William Duncan, during the fifty years which he spent among the Indians of British Columbia and Alaska.

*Sherman, French and Company:*

Religion and Life. Chapel Addresses by Members of the Faculty of the Meadville Theological School.

Containing sixteen addresses: "Intellectual Virtue;" "A Definition of Religion;" "Universality of the Religious Sentiment;" "The Present God;" "The Joy of Religion;" "The Prophet's Function;" "Jesus' Doctrine of Salvation;" "The True Atonement;" "The Family of God;" "A Social Gospel;" "Jesus the Fulfilment;" "Promise and Fulfilment;" "The Invisible Humanity of God;" "The Servile Life and the Filial Life;" "The Choice of a Vocation;" and "Retribution Here and Hereafter."

## HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

*The Grafton Press:*

Spain of To-day. A Narrative Guide to the Country of the Dons. With Suggestions

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for Travellers. By Joseph Thompson Shaw.

This description of the country, the author states, was compiled from memoranda written each evening after his party had returned from a day of exploration and sight-seeing. The account of the Spain of to-day is prefaced with a chapter containing suggestions for any who may contemplate making a trip through the country. In connection with this chapter is given a map of Spain.

*Houghton, Mifflin Company:*

Our Naval War With France. By Gardner W. Allen.

An account of the hostilities between the United States and France during the last years of the eighteenth century.

*A. C. McClurg and Company:*

The Andean Land (South America). By Chase S. Osborn.

An account of South America, showing its recent progress. Mr. Osborn gives routes of travel and such suggestions as he himself found valuable in Panama to Patagonia and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The text is supplemented by sixty illustrations and three maps.

*L. C. Page and Company:*

Italian Highways and Byways from a Motor Car. By Francis Miltoun. Pictures by Blanche McManus.

In the opening chapter Mr. Miltoun writes that along the highways and byways runs the itinerary of the author and illustrator of this book and that they have thus been able to view many of the beauties and charms of the countryside which have been unknown to most travellers in Italy in these days of the modern railway. The volume contains about eighty illustrations, a number of which are in colour.

*G. P. Putnam's Sons:*

The Columbia River. Its History, Its Myths, Its Scenery, Its Commerce. By William Denison Lyman.

Professor Lyman, who has spent the greater part of his life in the Columbia Valley, has gathered historical, descriptive, and illustrative matter of rare interest, and has woven his various materials into a connected narrative which will vividly hold before the reader the momentous details of the exploration, development, and present appearance of the great river of the Pacific Northwest.

*Charles Scribner's Sons:*

American History. By James Alton James, Professor of History in Northwestern University, and Albert Hart Sanford, Professor of History in the Stevens Point, Wisconsin, State Normal School.

The following extract from the preface will show the aim of the authors in regard to this work: "It has been the aim of the authors of this book to give the main features in the development of our nation, to explain the America of to-day, its civilisation and its traditions. In order to do this it was necessary to select topics from the various fields of human activity, the political, industrial, social, educational, and religious. Emphasis has been placed upon the fact that the position the United States occupies among the great nations is due primarily to the achievements of men and women in these fields."

*Sturgis and Walton:*

Wanderings in South America, the North-West of the United States and the Antilles, in the Years 1812, 1816, 1820 and 1824. With original instructions for the Perfect Preservation of Birds, Etc. By Charles Waterton.

A new edition including a memoir of the author by Norman Moore, M.D. With illustrations and a brief introduction by Charles Livingston Bull.

## FICTION

*D. Appleton and Company:*

The Master Builders. By James Edmund Dunning.

On the eve of war with the United States a foreign power contrives to secure a very powerful warship in course of construction in a Maine shipyard. The foreman of the yard, who, owing to a lack of interest on the part of the late owner's son, is obliged to take matters into his own hands, determines that the ship when completed shall be landed at Portsmouth to join the American fleet there. When the vessel is ready for sailing, Hector Trentin, the son of the old shipbuilder, suddenly awakens to his responsibility in the matter, and without the knowledge of the foreman boards the ship. An officer of the foreign power and a force of men also conceal themselves on board the vessel. Trentin, after a quarrel with the foreman, who, though capable in the shipyard, is helpless at sea, assumes command, succeeds in conquering the foreign officer and his men, and finally brings the warship safely to Portsmouth. A battle takes place almost immediately, in which the new cruiser, in command of Trentin, wins the day for the American fleet.

The Lady Without Jewels. By Arthur Goodrich.

Having quarrelled with his father, Tom Duncan starts off to Europe to

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seek his own fortune. On board the steamer he meets and falls in love with Jane Spencer, who, with her companion, Marie Annabelle Smith, intends to travel in "un-Baedekered ways" in Europe. Miss Spencer dislikes jewelry and is entirely unadorned by it, while her companion has a great fondness for it. The main experience the young women have on their trip is to find themselves the unwilling guests of an eccentric German nobleman, Count Harold of Ardenelles, who, upon seeing Miss Spencer and learning of her distaste for jewels, remembers an old prophecy that he will find his happiness in marrying a "lady without jewels." He thereupon decides to marry her, though Marie Annabelle is more to his liking. Miss Spencer calls Duncan to her rescue, and it is left for the young man to straighten out his own affairs, as, through some misunderstanding, he is considered the husband of a fascinating little Spanish woman, then to help the bankrupt Count of Ardenelles out of the clutches of the money-lender, and win for himself the love of Jane Spencer.

The Toll of the Sea. By Roy Norton.

According to a prediction made by a great scientist, Professor Martinez, the whole of the Pacific coast is swept into the sea as the result of a terrible earthquake. Prior to the date for which the Professor had predicted the earthquake, the government, in accordance with his instructions, sent troops to the coast to see that the people were all removed to the hills. After a number of vessels had gone forth to sea and failed to return, the *Seattle* is sent to South America to locate the trouble. They suddenly come upon a new land which had been thrown up by the earthquake. This land they find inhabited by a remnant of the Aztecs, who had transported themselves from the Andes Mountains by means of radioplanes. Here also are found a number of the missing scientists sent out by the United States Government to chart the Southern Pacific and now held by the Aztecs as prisoners. Through their discovery of the powerful properties of radium and their invention of the radioplane these Aztecs are in a position to make war with the rest of the world and to utterly destroy it. One faction, however, is in favour of insuring peace to the world, and after considerable conflict wins out.

*Richard G. Badger:*

Dyke's Corners. By E. Clarence Oakley.

A tale of life in a typical Western town. The hero, a happy-go-lucky mortal that nothing seems to trouble, comes into the town a stranger and opens the only real photographic studio for miles around. He soon becomes the butt of all the town jokes on account of his instinctive inventive genius.

*The Ball Publishing Company:*

The Hand of God. By Cora Bennett Stephenson.

A tale of the Philistines, the theme of which is the story of Samson and Delilah.

*The Bell Book and Stationery Company (Richmond, Va.):*

The Dreamer. A Romantic Rendering of the Life-Story of Edgar Allan Poe. By Mary Newton Stanard.

This study of Edgar Allan Poe, poet and man, the author writes, is simply an attempt to make something like a finished picture of the shadowy sketch the biographers, hampered by the limitations of proved fact, must, at best, give us. "To this end," she says, "I have used the story-teller's license to present the facts in picturesque form. Yet I believe I have told a true story—true to the spirit if not to the letter—for I think I have made Poe and the other persons of the drama do nothing they may not have done, say nothing they may not have said, feel nothing they may not have felt."

*Brentano's:*

A False Position. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds.

A story of social life in England. Left almost destitute the heroine resorts to the only way out of her difficulty which presents itself, and that is marriage with a man she does not love. The complications that ensue are due to the fact the heroine and her husband's nephew decide to keep to themselves the knowledge of their trifling love affair a few years before her marriage.

*Broadway Publishing Company:*

The Rural School-Teacher; or, A Double West Virginia Love Story. By Buchanan White.

The author spent more than thirty years of his life in the cause of education, and his book covers a wide range of observation and personal experience. It contains numerous sentimental references to loyalty to the home and the schools, and presents comprehensive views of patriotic devotion. It presents the various love stages from its inception in youth to its happy culmination in the bonds of matrimony.

An Amateur Performance. By Elmer Evinson.

The chief plot of this love story centres about the strange death of a wealthy physician.

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*The C. M. Clark Publishing Company (Boston, Mass.):*

The Bell Cow. By Bryant E. Sherman.

A tale of rural life. The author says that his story is to a great extent true and that most of the characters are real people. His purpose has been to picture the comedy and pathos of country life just as he himself lived it.

*Dodd, Mead and Company:*

The Whirl. A Romance of Washington Society. By Foxcroft Davis.

The hero, who is connected with the English embassy at Washington, falls in love with the ward of a congressman. She is a beautiful Kentucky girl. To disturb his peace of mind, an Englishwoman with whom, early in life, he had had a love affair, comes to Washington, and in her mad jealousy insists upon being presented to her rival. She marries a United States senator, but is the cause of ruining his career. After an absence of some years the Englishman, formerly secretary at the embassy, returns to Washington as ambassador. Again the Englishwoman comes into his life, and in order to retrieve her social position demands that she be received by his wife. Still averse to having his wife associate with the woman, he has about made up his mind to resign, when circumstances arise which render this step unnecessary.

*Doubleday, Page and Company:*

Ezekiel. By Lucy Pratt.

Ezekiel is a little negro boy who attends the Whittier School at the Hampton Institute. He possesses the usual vivid imagination of his own people and amuses every one with the strange tales which he invents. His good nature prompts him to make all sorts of promises, many of which he fails to keep. Despite his innumerable faults he endears himself to all.

Michael Thwaites's Wife. By Miriam Michelson.

The story of twin sisters who have been from childhood bafflingly alike, yet utterly different in character, and one of their games is to exchange names and personalities for a day. Trix is uncontrolled and brilliant and selfish; Tess, "the good one," in most ways the exact opposite; and the philosophical old father, who has studied them from birth, declares that the latter has all the moral sense of the pair. By a most interesting and convincing chain of circumstances Tess finds herself thrust irresistibly into the place of her dearly loved sister, who has run away from her husband—and has to confess that she herself cares for this brother-in-law, who thinks her his own wife. The way in which she meets this terrible situation, and the manner in which happiness comes to her and the man she loves, make an interesting tale.

Mike Flannery. On Duty and Off. By Ellis Parker Butler.

Three short stories which have already appeared in magazine form. The first, "Just Like a Cat," relates to Mike's trials and tribulations over a cat which was received dead at the express office in which he was employed as agent. In making his report on the consignment and its non-delivery he endeavours to find a "swell worrd fer dead" to use in his letter to the "swell clerks in New Yorrk." The receipt of his report that the cat is "deseased" causes no end of trouble and misunderstanding.

The Naulahka. A Story of West and East. By Rudyard Kipling.

Issued in the Pocket Edition of Mr. Kipling's works.

*Duffield and Company:*

Elizabeth Visits America. By Elinor Glyn.

After a quarrel with her husband, who goes off to Africa to shoot big game, Elizabeth visits America in company with some friends. She spends some time in New York, goes for a few days to a country place on Long Island, visits Philadelphia and Chicago, and then travels in a private car out to the coast and back. In a series of letters to her mother in England Elizabeth gives her impressions of American people and things.

*E. P. Dutton and Company:*

The Sword of the Lord. A Romance of the Time of Martin Luther. By Joseph Hocking.

The opening scene is set in England when the hero is chosen by King Henry VIII to undertake the responsibility of conveying a beautiful German princess from her own country to England. The plotting and scheming, the adventures and narrow escapes attending the commission, furnish the action for this historical romance.

*R. F. Fenno and Company:*

Tempered Steel. A Romance. By Herbert S. Mallory.

A romance of mediæval England in which the heroine falls in love with her husband's friend, whom he had sent as his messenger to ask for her hand and who acted as his proxy at the marriage ceremony. Through a misunderstanding she believes the friend to be her husband. Beaupré, the proxy, and a gallant young knight, fights against his love for his friend's wife and she eventually falls in love with the Earl

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of Nordene, her husband, and wins his forgiveness.

*Forbes and Company:*

The Full Glory of Diantha. By Mrs. Philip Verrill Mighels.

The scene shifts from New York to a mining camp in the West and then back to New York. Diantha March refuses to marry a New York man who had asked her to become his wife on the ground that he was not the ideal man of her dreams. They come to an agreement whereby she is to go out West, and if she fails while there to meet her ideal man she is to return and marry Stanley Everton. She meets the man of her dreams, or rather thinks he is such, while they are at Boulder Camp, but when later she sees him day after day in New York, with his surroundings entirely changed, she realises that he falls far short of the standard she has set and finally bestows her love upon the once rejected suitor.

*H. C. Hensel (Chicago):*

Knight of the Twentieth Century. Letters from My Friend, the Knight.

The "Knight" is portrayed as follows: "The Knight weighs two hundred and seventy pounds, stands six feet three, well built, and has had athletic training. He had been an unostentatious carpenter, dreaming of the need of a muscular Christianity that would go about the world punishing meanness and rewarding virtue. Falling heir to a small fortune, his dream was made real." Among other incidents he tells how he cured two automobilists of speeding and how he punished a Chicago railroad magnate.

*Henry Holt and Company:*

The Long Gallery. By Eva Lathbury.

This romance is dominated by the influence of dead ancestors, whose pictures hang in the long gallery of Southern Court in England. Three unusually attractive women are the leading figures. The oldest is one whose mystery is connected with The Long Gallery.

Less Than Kin. By Alice Duer Miller.

Owing to his close connection with a South American revolutionist, the hero deems it advisible to leave the country secretly. Having departed from his own home in the United States under such circumstances as to make it impossible for him to return except under an assumed name, he takes the name of a young man who has just died in South America and whom he resembles greatly. Upon his return to the United States he is received into the family of the man he impersonates, and his lack of knowledge concerning the young man's habits and also the family connections makes his position an extremely difficult one. His affairs become greatly entangled before he is able to make known his identity and in other ways vindicate himself.

Homespun. A Story of Some New England Folk. By Lottie Blair Parker.

A humorous tale of New England village life by the author of the plays *Way Down East* and *Under Southern Skies.*

The Runaway Place. A May Idyl of Manhattan. By Walter Prichard Eaton and Elsie Morris Underhill.

Childhood fancies, whims and recollections form the chief charm of the book, though the characters degenerate into grown-ups now and then. The "Runaway Place" of the story is Central Park.

*Houghton, Mifflin Company:*

Gambolling with Galatea. A Bucolic Romance. By Curtis Dunham. Illustrated by Oliver Herford.

Galatea, her brother, who is a poet, and her lover, the artist, rent a cottage for the summer. The Professor, who owned the cottage, kept a number of animals about, such as a pig, a bull calf, a colt, a dog, and a goat. The Professor believed in equal rights for man and beast, and to the delight of the animals lived up to his belief. Upon the arrival of the new occupants of the cottage the intelligent animals continued to take advantage of the privileges given them by the Professor, and as a result some of the situations they bring about are very humorous.

*Laird and Lee:*

Uncle Bob and Aunt Becky's Exciting Trip and the Strange Romance of Tom and Ruth. By Herschel Williams.

Starting from their farm in Maine, in an ox-cart, the quaint couple and their adopted daughter visit the principal cities, finally going to the Seattle Exposition. Uncle Bob gets into all sorts of mix-ups and keeps Aunt Becky busy watching him.

*J. B. Lippincott Company:*

Love's Privilege. By Stella M. During.

A mystery story which won one of the three one thousand dollar prizes offered by the Chicago *Record-Herald,* in which paper it recently appeared. The plot is concerned with a murder, and the solution of the mystery which surrounds it seems to baffle all who make any attempt to unravel it. The scene is laid in a suburb of London.

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The Winning Chance. By Elizabeth Dejeans.

Mrs. Dejeans's first novel, which she states she wrote in two and one-half months' time in the simplest language she knew, has for its theme the big problem of the American girl who enters upon a business career.

The Woman in Question. By John Reed Scott.

The scene is in a country place near Charleston, South Carolina. The trouble and mystery arises through the marriage of a very wealthy girl to a worthless man, who simply wanted her money and whom she had known but a week when she married him. After a month they are separated and do not meet again for ten years. The tragedy which follows is the result of her refusal to meet his demands for seventy-five thousand dollars.

*Little, Brown and Company:*

The Kingdom of Earth. By Anthony Partridge.

Bergeland is the imaginary kingdom of the story, and the hero, who is the Crown Prince, plots to overthrow the throne to which he is heir. He has the reputation of leading the dissolute life common to the members of the royal family, but is in reality vastly different from them. He has his foster-brother impersonate him, and this young man keeps up for the Crown Prince the reputation he has courted, while the real Crown Prince, under the name of John Peters, leads a very different life. Without any of its members discerning his true position he directs the affairs of a revolutionary society which he has been the means of organising in order to demolish the kingdom and establish a republic. In this connection he meets an American girl, a graduate of Wellesley and a successful actress, who, in her sympathy for the downtrodden, has become interested in the revolutionary society and takes an active part in its work. In accomplishing its purpose the society aims at the life of the Crown Prince, and John Peters, the real Prince, finds it necessary to protect the life of his foster-brother, who has impersonated him. When the revolution comes the King is allowed to flee from the country, a republic takes the place of the Kingdom of Bergeland, and the former Crown Prince marries Grace Pellisier, the American girl.

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## SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of June and the 1st of July

### NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

#### Fiction

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Anthony Cuthbert. Bagot. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Elizabeth Visits America. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
5. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.

#### Non-Fiction

1. As Others See Us. Brooks. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
2. Love Letters of Carlyle. (Lane.) $8.00.
3. Fair Woman at Fontainebleau. Hamel. (Brentano.) $3.75.
4. Love Letters of Napoleon. (McBride.) $3.00.

#### Juveniles

No report.

### NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

#### Fiction

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner) $1.50.
3. The Whirl. Davis. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Governors. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.

#### Non-Fiction

1. What is Physical Life. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
3. History of Rome. Ferrero. (Putnam.) $12.50.
4. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.

#### Juveniles

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

### NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

#### Fiction

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Other Side of the Door. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.

#### Non-Fiction

1. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
2. Are the Dead Alive. Rider. (Dodge.) $1.75.

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3. Is Shakespeare Dead? Twain. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. Baedeker's U. S. (Scribner.) $4.50.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Eternal Boy. Johnson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

## ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. Three Keys. Ormond. (Watts.) $1.50.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Old Friends. Winter. (Moffat, Yard.) $3.00.
2. Friendship. Black. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. Bird Guide. Chapman. (Appleton.) $3.00.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Stevenson Reader. (Scribner.) 40 cents.

## ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Watchers of the Plains. Cullum. (Jacobs.) $1.50.
4. The Glory of the Conquered. Glaspell. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. The Winning Chance. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Webster's Dictionary. (Am. Book Co.)
2. Twentieth Century Cook Book. Moritz & Kahn. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
3. On Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. Poems. Lanier. (Scribner.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Live Doll Series. Gates. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Uncle Remus. Harris. (Appleton.) $2.00.
3. American Fairy Tales. Baum. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

## BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. A Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. Red Horse Hill. McCall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Song of Our Syrian Guest. Knight. (Pilgrim Press.) 35 cents.
2. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Fenno.) 15 cents.
3. Story of Gospel Hymns. Sankey. (Sunday School Times.) 75 cents.
4. What is Worth While. Brown. (Crowell.) 35 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. Betty Wales, Freshman. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

## BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

## BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The White Sister. Crawford (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Araminta. Snaith. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
6. The Governors. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Recollections of Seventy Years. Sanborn. (Badger.) $5.00.
2. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
3. Choosing a Vocation. Parson. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Love Letters of Carlyle. (Lane.) $8.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

## BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

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4. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

## CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. The Air Ship Boys. Sayles. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
2. Billy Whiskers' Grandchildren. Montgomery. (Brewer & Barse.) 75 cents.
3. Three Girls from School. Meade. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

## CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Handbook of Alaska. Greeley. (Scribner.) $2.00.
2. Wild Life in the Rockies. Mills. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. The Function of Religion. Foster. (Univ. of Chicago.) $1.00.
4. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Stories and Poems Every Child Should Know. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Mary Ware, or the Little Colonel's Chum. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

## CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. Elusive Isabel. Futrelle. (Bobbs, Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Three Keys. Ormond. (Watts.) $1.50.
6. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Is Shakespeare Dead? Twain. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Fifty Years of Darwinism. (Holt.) $2.00.
3. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Self Help for Nervous Women. Mitchell. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

## CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

## DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. Red Horse Hill. McCall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Wild Life in the Rockies. Mills. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
3. Stickeen. Muir. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 60 cents.
4. Reflections of a Bachelor Girl. Rowland (Dodge Pub. Co.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys in Strange Waters. Chapman. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. Peter Pumpkin. Huntington. (Rand & McNally.) $1.25.
3. Myths Every Child Should Know. Mabie. (Doubleday, Page.) 90 cents.

## INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. Elusive Isabel. Futrelle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

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3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Hand of God. Stephenson. (Ball Pub. Co.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
2. Eternal Values. Münsterberg. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $2.50.
3. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Told to Children Series. Marshall. (Dutton.) 50 cents.

## KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Harper.) $1.20.
3. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Other Side of the Door. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Garnett and Gosse Eng. Literature. Garnett and Gosse. (Grosset & Dunlap.) $12.00.
2. Bible Dictionary. Hastings. (Scribner.) $5.00.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Peeps at Many Lands. (Macmillan.) 75 cents.
3. Boys of Liberty Series. (McKay.) 25 cents.

## LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Winning Chance. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Adventures of a Nice Young Man. Aix. (Duffield.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
2. Shelley. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.00.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.40.

JUVENILES

1. Stories and Poems Every Child Should Know. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. Book of Electricity for Boys. Adams. (Harper.) $1.75.
3. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.

## LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Winning Chance. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

## MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Red Horse Hill. McCall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Girl Graduate. Perrett and Smith. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

## MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Whirl. Davis. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. The Other Side of the Door. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
2. Is Shakespeare Dead? Twain. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Earth's Bounty. St. Maur. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
4. Haremlik. Vaka. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys in Strange Waters. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 50 cents.
2. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Machinery Book for Boys. Adams. (Harper.) $1.75.

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## MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

### Fiction

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Story of Thyrza. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Music Master. Klein. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.

### Non-Fiction

1. The Eternal Values. Münsterberg. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $2.50.
2. A Pluralistic Universe. James. (Longmans, Green.) $1.50.
3. Every Man a King. Marsden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
4. Book of Fish and Fishing. Rhead. (Scribner.) $1.50.

### Juveniles

1. Harper's Outdoor Books for Boys. (Harper.) $1.75.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. A Plebe at West Point. Malone. (Penn.) $1.25.

## NEW HAVEN, CONN.

### Fiction

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Governors. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.

### Non-Fiction

1. Handbook of Modern French Painting. Eaton. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
2. Life and Times of Laurence Sterne. Cross. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.

### Juveniles

No report.

## NEW ORLEANS, LA.

### Fiction

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Red Horse Hill. McCall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Kingdom of Earth. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

### Non-Fiction

1. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Bachelor Belles. Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) $3.00.
3. My Graduation. Peabody. (Caldwell.) $2.50.
4. The Girl Graduate. Perrett and Smith. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.

### Juveniles

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Little Colonel's House Party. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales, B.A. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

## NORFOLK, VA.

### Fiction

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Scarlet Feather. Townley. (Watt.) $1.50.
4. The Three Keys. Ormond. (Watt.) $1.50.
5. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Recovery. Altsheler. (Lovell.) $1.50.

### Non-Fiction

1. Robert E. Lee. Page. (Scribner.) $1.25.

### Juveniles

1. Mother Goose Rhymes.
2. Just So Stories. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Hans Brinker. Dodge. (Scribner.) $1.50.

## PHILADELPHIA, PA.

### Fiction

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

### Non-Fiction

1. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
2. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Fireless Cook Book. Mitchell. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
4. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.

### Juveniles

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Rover Boys on Treasure Isle. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 75 cents.
3. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.

## PITTSBURG, PA.

### Fiction

1. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

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2. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. A Husband by Proxy. Steel. (Fitzgerald.) $1.50.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blast Furnace. Forsyth. (Williams.) $4.00.
2. Are the Dead Alive? Rider. (Dodge.) $1.75.
3. Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
4. Kent's Hand Book. Kent. (Wiley.) $5.00.

JUVENILES

1. West Point Cadets. Malone. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Boy Forty-niners. McNeil. (McClure.) $1.50.

## PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Waylaid by Wireless. Balmer. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

## PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Governors. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Adrift on an Ice Pan. Grenfell. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 75 cents.
2. Old Friends. Winter. (Moffat, Yard.) $3.00.
3. What is Physical Life. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. Is Shakespeare Dead? Twain. (Harper.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Under the Great Bear. Munroe. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Eagle Badge. Day. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

## PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. A Husband by Proxy. Steel. (Fitzgerald.) $1.50.
2. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Governors. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Lost Cabin Mine. Niven. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Handbook of Alaska. Greeley. (Scribner.) $2.00.
2. The Columbia River. Lyman. (Putnam.) $3.50.
3. Health and Happiness. Fallows. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. On the School Team. Earl. (Penn.) $1.25.

## PROVIDENCE R. I.

FICTION

1. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Governors. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

## ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Harper.) $1.20.
6. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Haremlik. Vaka. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Darwin and Modern Science. (Cambridge Univ. Press.) $5.00.
3. Misery and Its Causes. De Vine. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Shelley. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. A Lincoln Conscript. Greene. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

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2. Wild Flowers Every Child Should Know. Stack. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Poems Children Love. Coussens. (Dodge.) $1.25.

### ST. LOUIS, MO.

#### Fiction

1. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Elizabeth Visits America. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
4. Roads of Destiny. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

#### Non-Fiction

No report.

#### Juveniles

No report.

### ST. LOUIS, MO.

#### Fiction

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

#### Non-Fiction

1. The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.40.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
3. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.

#### Juveniles

1. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Stratemeyer Books. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

### ST. PAUL, MINN.

#### Fiction

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

#### Non-Fiction

1. Stickeen. Muir. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 60 cents.
2. Is Shakespeare Dead? Twain. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Story of the Great Lakes. Lansing. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Wild Life in the Rockies. Mills. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.75.

#### Juveniles

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Wild Flowers Every Child Should Know. Stack. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

### SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

#### Fiction

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Planter. Whitaker. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

#### Non-Fiction

1. Luther Burbank. Jordan. (Robertson.) $1.75.
2. A Wine of Wizardry. Sterling. (Robertson.) $1.25.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. Is Shakespeare Dead? Twain. (Harper.) $1.25.

#### Juveniles

1. The Eternal Boy. Johnson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

### SEATTLE, WASH.

#### Fiction

1. The Strain of White. Anderson. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

#### Non-Fiction

1. Alaska. Higginson. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
2. History of the State of Washington. Meany. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
3. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
4. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.50.

#### Juveniles

1. The Stroke Oar. Camp. (Outing.) $1.50.
2. The Substitute. Camp. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

### SPOKANE, WASH.

#### Fiction

1. The Chrysalis. Kramer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Mary of Magdala. Roberson. (Saalfield.) $1.50.
6. Red Horse Hill. McCall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

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NON-FICTION

1. Egoists. Huneker. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. History of the State of Washington. Meany. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
3. Handbook of Alaska. Greeley. (Scribner.) $2.00.
4. Women, etc. Harvey. (Harper.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Rover Boys on Treasure Isle. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Wild Flowers Every Child Should Know. Stack. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

## TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Old Lady No. 31. Forsslund. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Winning Chance. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Things Korean. Allen. (Revell.) $1.25.
2. Psychotheraphy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

## TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (McLeod.) $1.25.
2. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Briggs.) $1.00.
3. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Briggs.) $1.25.
4. Katrine. Lane. (Musson.) $1.50.
5. Sowing Seeds in Danny. McClung. (Briggs.) $1.00.
6. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

## WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Chesterton's Essays. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
3. Bird Guide. Reed. (Reed.) $1.00.
4. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Wizard of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Rover Boys on Treasure Isle. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.

## WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Red Horse Hill. McCall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
6. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Bird Guide. Reed. (Reed.) $1.00.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
3. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The Great Lakes. Curwood. (Putnam.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

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From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A book standing | 1st | on any list | receives | | 10 |
| " | " | 2d | " | " | 8 |
| " | " | 3d | " | " | 7 |
| " | " | 4th | " | " | 6 |
| " | " | 5th | " | " | 5 |
| " | " | 6th | " | " | 4 |

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## BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

| | POINTS |
|---|---|
| 1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50 | 329 |
| 2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50 | 131 |
| 3. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50 | 129 |
| 4. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50 | 114 |
| 5. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00 | 112 |
| 6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill) $1.50 | 105 |

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# A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF NEW NOVELS

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

## NORTH

BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO

| | NO. LISTS |
|---|---|
| The Inner Shrine | 8 |
| The White Mice | 7 |
| Marriage à la Mode | 4 |
| The Man in Lower Ten | 4 |
| Katrine | 4 |
| The White Sister | 3 |
| Mr. Opp | 3 |
| The Governors | 2 |
| The Making of Bobby Burnit | 2 |

## EAST

NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER

| | NO. LISTS |
|---|---|
| The Inner Shrine | 13 |
| The White Sister | 8 |
| Katrine | 7 |
| The White Mice | 6 |
| Marriage à la Mode | 6 |
| Set in Silver | 6 |
| The Romance of a Plain Man | 4 |
| The Governors | 4 |
| Mr. Opp | 4 |
| The Man in Lower Ten | 4 |
| The Chippendales | 4 |
| The Woman in Question | 4 |
| Red Horse Hill | 2 |
| The Making of Bobby Burnit | 2 |

## SOUTH

ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND

| | NO. LISTS |
|---|---|
| The Inner Shrine | 6 |
| Katrine | 5 |
| The Man in Lower Ten | 4 |
| The Woman in Question | 3 |
| The Winning Chance | 2 |
| Mr. Opp | 2 |
| 54-40 or Fight | 2 |
| The White Mice | 2 |
| Red Horse Hill | 2 |

## WEST AND MIDDLE WEST

CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO

| | NO. LISTS |
|---|---|
| The Inner Shrine | 10 |
| Mr. Opp | 8 |
| The Man in Lower Ten | 6 |
| The White Mice | 5 |
| The White Sister | 5 |
| The Making of Bobby Burnit | 5 |
| The Woman in Question | 4 |
| Marriage à la Mode | 4 |
| Katrine | 4 |
| Set in Silver | 3 |
| Elusive Isabel | 2 |
| The Trail of the Lonesome Pine | 2 |
| The Winning Chance | 2 |

"No. Lists" indicates the number of times the book appears on lists sent to us from various cities. Books mentioned only once not included.

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# A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF JUVENILES

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

| NORTH<br>Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., St. Paul, Seattle, Spokane, and Toronto | EAST<br>New York City, Albany, Baltimore, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Providence, Pittsburg, Rochester, Washington, and Worcester | SOUTH<br>Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, Louisville, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, Norfolk, and Richmond | WEST AND MIDDLE WEST<br>Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Omaha, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, and San Francisco |
|---|---|---|---|
| Anne of Green Gables | The Hole Book | Live Doll Series | The Eternal Boy |
| The Stroke Oar | Forward Pass | Little Colonel Series | The Biography of a Silver Fox |
| Biography of a Silver Fox | Anne of Green Gables | Anne of Green Gables | Motor Boys in Strange Waters |
| River Boys | Wizard of Oz | Mother Goose Rhymes | The Air Ship Boys |
| The Hole Book | A Lincoln Conscript | Uncle Remus | Little Colonel Books |

# A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF BOOKS—NON-FICTION

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

| NORTH<br>Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., St. Paul, Seattle, Spokane, and Toronto | EAST<br>New York City, Albany, Baltimore, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Providence, Pittsburg, Rochester, Washington, and Worcester | SOUTH<br>Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, Louisville, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, Norfolk, and Richmond | WEST AND MIDDLE WEST<br>Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Omaha, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Toledo |
|---|---|---|---|
| Psychotherapy | As Others See Us | Webster's Dictionary | Is Shakespeare Dead? |
| The Eternal Values | Psychotherapy | The Girl Graduate | Wild Life in the Rockies |
| Adrift on an Ice Pan. | Old Friends | *Brain and Personality* | *Psychotherapy* |
| Handbook of Alaska | Why Worry? | Robert E. Lee | The Life of the Bee |
| Stickeen | The Blast Furnace | Twentieth Century Cook Book | Luther Burbank |
| | Chesterton's Essays | | |

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